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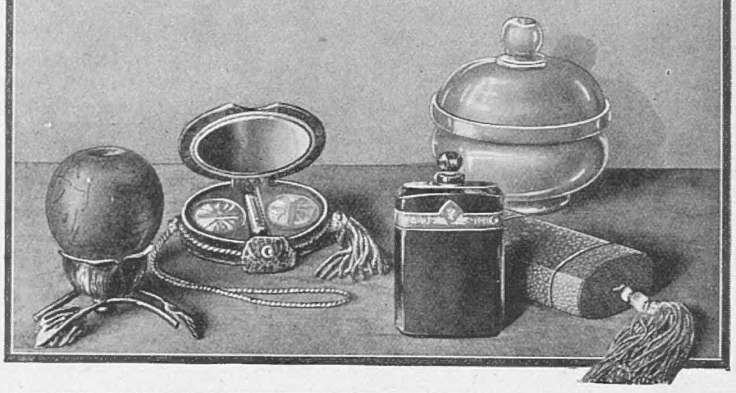

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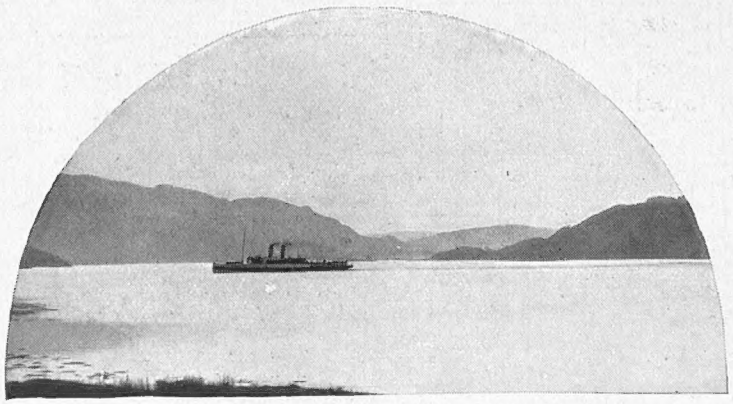

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From Skye to Schiehallion. From Gairloch to Gleneagles. From Brora to Braemar.

The map of Scotland is a trumpet call. Ordnance survey? Not even a Government office can prevent it from being a song. The contours are like music. Your feet beat time to the printed word.

The names linger like notes. You heard them in childhood, the mighty names of Scotland. They flamed in the page of history; they gave poetry its thunder. "Glamis thou art and Cawdor." They vibrate in the memory.

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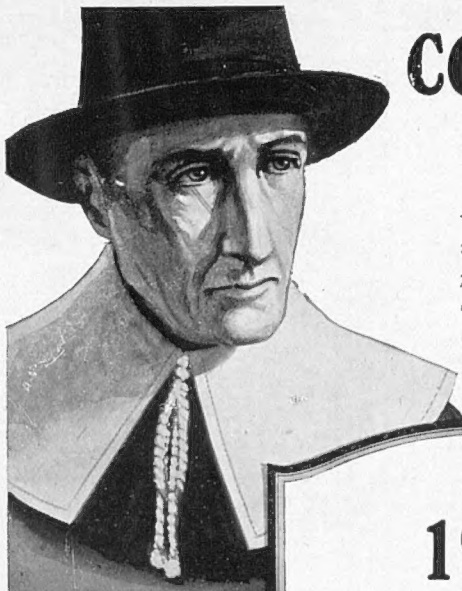

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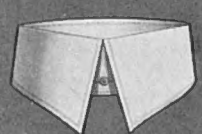
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1925

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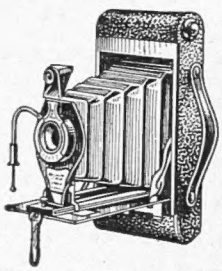

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The "Itonia" Portable Model.

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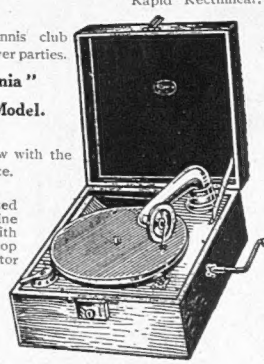

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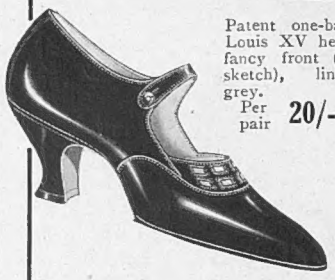

Patent one-bar, Louis XV heel, fancy front (as sketch), lined grey. Per pair **20/-**

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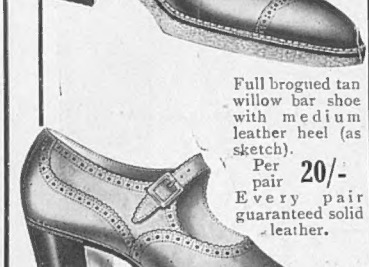

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The
GRAPHIC

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Some attractive sketches of **SMUGGLERS' HAUNTS ON THE SOUTH COAST,** by DONALD MAXWELL.

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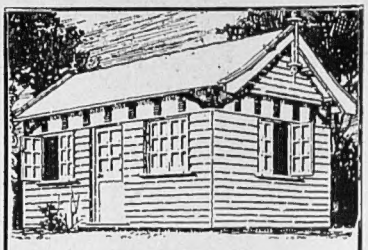

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A pleasing garden home specially adapted as a Children's "Den"—suitable also as a week-end bungalow, holiday hut or a bedroom annexe. Sturdily built, well windowed, light and airy. Easily erected at small expense.

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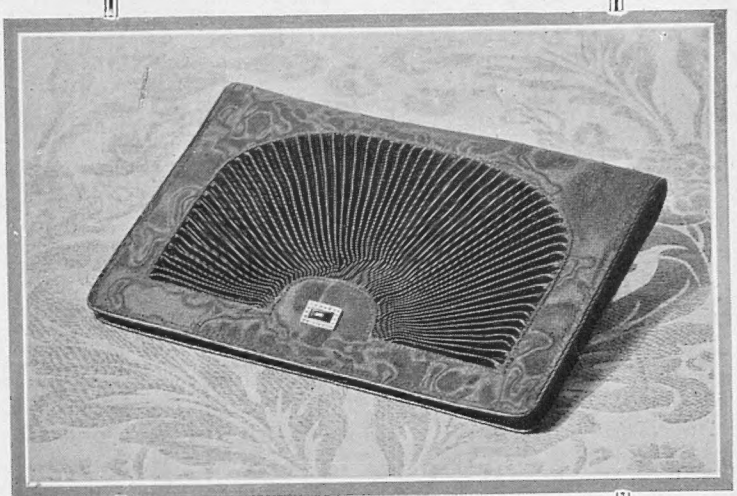

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LACE BOUDOIR CAP with wired wings across front, **21/9**

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J. Lyons & Co Ltd *Cadby Hall Kensington London W*

The Bystander, June 3, 1925

No. 1122. Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Malcolm Arbuthnot

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Brown Lizard Skin walking shoe, with leather military heel for either Town or Country Wear

FB. 1654A. **75s.**
Real Java Lizard skin, in grey only; a perfect fitting Court Shoe with Louis XV heel made from selected skins of superb markings.

A Canal for Sale

WOULD you like to buy a canal? Lighthouses have been sold and islands have been handed over to the highest bidder, but here is the opportunity to purchase something quite out of the ordinary, for the Thames and Severn Canal, choked with mud and utterly derelict, is for sale.

The Meeting of the Waters

THIS is the same canal of which Alexander Pope wrote: "The Thames and Severn are to be led into each others' embraces through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence." That was written two hundred years ago. I repeat, do you want to buy a canal?

Honest Smokers

FREQUENTLY, in these columns, I have complained that non-smoking females are allowed to monopolise the seats in smoking compartments, with the result that honest smokers are crowded out. Imagine the joy with which I came upon this notice, boldly printed and placed in the best seats next the driver on a 'bus that runs from Painswick to Stroud in the county of Glos. Here is the notice:

> "THESE SEATS ARE RESERVED FOR SMOKERS. LADIES USING THEM WILL BE CHARGED 3d. EXTRA."

The Stuff to Give 'Em

NOW that, if I may be permitted a slightly out-of-date colloquialism is "the stuff to give 'em." I don't enquire into the motives that prompted the directors to place this very challenging notice on the front seat of their bus. Possibly the driver is a bit of an Adonis and the presence of ladies puts him off his job. Possibly he is a misogynist, and placed the warning to women where it stands on his own account. Like Mr. Baskcomb in the *Street Singer*, it may be just a case of "O! how I hate women!" I can't say, but I wish the UndergrounD people would pull up their socks and drive non-smokers into the place where they rightly belong—the non-smoking compartment—by some such similar device.

'IMAGINE THE JOY WITH WHICH I CAME UPON THIS NOTICE—'

Prettier Than Ever

THE new collars that up-to-date young men will wear with their evening dress—I had almost said evening dresses—in the near future are of the soft and sloppy design usually confined to the tennis court. Why should we worry? In the days of the Stuarts, collars were of unstarched lace and fell negligently over the shoulders. Doubtless we shall come to that in time, and if the prints of the period are to be believed, our pretty young men will look prettier than ever in their old-world trimmings.

'POSSIBLY THE PRESENCE OF LADIES PUTS HIM OFF HIS JOB'

'OUR PRETTY YOUNG MEN WILL LOOK PRETTIER THAN EVER—'

Brave Lads!

TALKING of tennis courts—you will find a reference to same in my preceding par. if Mr. Printer and his devil haven't played the devil with my running order—I notice that certain stalwart souls have started a club for men only. Brave lads! But a closer inspection of their ultimatum reveals the fact that ladies are allowed in the monastic circle on certain occasions, and one realises that the fight is lost before it is begun. What should we say of the teetotaler who reserved the right to have one when he felt really thirsty, or the Fascist who sang only the Red Flag in his bath?

'CERTAIN STALWART SOULS HAVE STARTED A CLUB FOR MEN ONLY.'

Rough on Burglars

A JUDGE has described "housebreaker" as a terrible description for an honest working man, and I imagine that the Burglars' Union will agree with him. Fancy a cat-burglar being mistaken for one of those modern vandals

'IMAGINE THE FEELINGS OF THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN FACED WITH HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPH AS HE SITS AT HIS BREAKFAST TABLE—'

'ONE OF THOSE MODERN VANDALS WHO STAND ON CHIMNEYS AND HACK AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE WITH A PICK—'

CUTTING A MEL(L)ON By Blam

A little act of discourtesy that cuts no ice with Uncle Sam's Cashier—particularly as money must *eventually* talk

who stand on chimneys and hack at Devonshire House with a pick! And, while the grammarians are about it, let them remove other causes of offence from our complicated vocabulary. Why should a gentleman who obliges us by taking our money in the silver ring be confounded with those makers of books who print the rubbish that is remaindered at sixpence per volume? Echo answers "Why?"

Tired Business Men

My picture paper has added a new terror to life by providing a new answer to the age-old query: "What makes the business man tired?" In a recent issue it published a photograph of "the good-humoured sporting Surrey crowd" which gathered at the Oval—on a *Wednesday*! Is this fair? Imagine the feelings of "the tired business man" faced with his own photograph as he sits at his breakfast table on Thursday morning. What possible answer can he make to his wife as she asks him if he hasn't "done with that paper yet?" Why add to the strain of City life in this heartless fashion?

"Those Two Terrys"

The excellence of Moncton Hoffe's play, *The Crooked Friday*, at the Comedy calls for mention of the joint work of "those two Terrys," as one critic happily described them. The appearance of husband and wife together on the West End stage has not always been attended by the happiest results. Too often one or the other has been merely a passenger, and famous actors have sacrificed great reputations by their belief in the dramatic possibilities of their wives.

Splendid Exceptions

But there are splendid exceptions—cases in which husband and wife have each pulled a workmanlike oar in the boat, and the Terry family provide cases in point. Fred Terry without Julia Neilson would have been a segment of the complete dramatic circle, and Julia Neilson without Fred Terry would have been a thing unthinkable. Given ability on both sides, there is everything to be said for husband and wife acting together, and London playgoers will hope that the Terry family, united in happy dramatic and domestic unity, will continue to delight us for many years to come.

"Hay Fever"

We heard a great deal of that fine song "Sea Fever" while Betty Chester was with the Co-Optimists, and now we are to have Marie Tempest in a play called *Hay Fever*. It is, I suppose, too much to hope that the incomparable Marie will be allowed to burst into song, but if she should evince a desire to do so I think it could be managed without straining the possibilities of the story unduly. Something like this, for instance:

> The fever's in my aching nose
> And I must sneeze again . . .

Failure of Good Plays

Dramatic critics have been clamouring for good plays for London. And yet when good plays brilliantly acted are forthcoming the dramatic critic—or at any rate the paper which he represents—does very little to help its success. If a bad play is produced, the dramatic critics in a bunch promptly damn it, and (usually) that is the death-knell of that particular production. If a good play is presented, the critics again in a bunch praise it. And the matter ends there. Nothing is done afterwards to help the public to know about its quality or to urge people to see it, with the result that quite often a really first-rate production dies a lingering death after the first few weeks. At the moment two plays are running to not very good houses—*Lightning* and *Sun Up*. Both in their way are examples of wonderful acting. I hear that both these excellent shows are beginning to show signs of nearing the end of the run.

The Heart of the Empire

This is the first opportunity I have had to refer to the great Empire Day service at Wembley—a thing of the past, so quickly do we move nowadays. Listening-in to that wonderful demonstration of religious feeling and loyal fervour, I was forced to admit that, thanks to Broadcasting, the Stadium is now the nerve centre of our national life, and, on such occasions as this, the very heart of the Empire. The singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" by the vast assembly was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, making the National Anthem seem almost dull in comparison, and compelling the most cynical to realise that spiritual exaltation may still be a considerable factor in the life of the future.

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THE PRINCE "STELLENBOSCHED" (1925 VERSION)

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (next to Professor Moorrees, Vice-Chancellor of the University) listening to a humorous address of welcome by the students of the University of Stellenbosch (known colloquially as "maaties") in the pretty village of the Cape Province founded by that hardy old Dutch Governor, Simon van der Stel, 250 years ago

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Courts

THE Queen paid a compliment to two great Dependencies at the first two Courts of the season. At the first Her Majesty wore a crown with the Koh-i-noor in its centre, and the wonderful diamond ornaments which are known as the lesser Stars of Africa. On the second night the Queen wore a large carved emerald which was presented to her in India, with a coronet of emeralds and diamonds.

The Royal circle at the first Court was unusually small, not a single member of the King and Queen's own family being present. But on the second night they were all present with the exception, of course, of the Prince of Wales and Prince George.

Presentations at both Courts, I am told, were taken at a much quicker pace than usual, the name of the next lady being called out before the lady passing the dais had risen from her curtsy to the Queen. The shorter trains naturally lessen the time of each presentation, which is probably the reason why, by command, they are shorter than ever this year. But when some eight hundred people have to pass before the King and Queen arrangements have to be made for each presentation to take as short a time as possible.

A Noble Action

I HEARD this story of the Prince of Wales soon after the incident happened, but was given to understand that the Prince did not wish it to be made public. But since Sir Almeric Fitzroy, the late Clerk to the Privy Council, who is a mirror of courtly tact, has told the story in his reminiscences in the *Morning Post*, I can repeat it here.

During the Prince's visit to Belgium two years ago he went over a hospital where English soldiers were being treated for facial disfigurement caused by wounds. It was a painful spectacle, but the Prince went through the visit unflinchingly.

There were twenty-eight cases in the hospital, but the Prince noticed that he had only seen twenty-seven. The head of the hospital explained that the disfigurement in this case was so terrible that they felt it better the Prince should not see the poor fellow. The Prince replied that he had come to the hospital to show all the men his sympathy, and he would not miss a single case. He insisted on being taken to the room where the man was lying. It was indeed a terrible sight. Without a

Photographs *Central News*

AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

Prince Henry, attended by Captain Howard Kerr, in the uniform of his regiment (10th Hussars) arriving for the King's levee

A SUMMER SALE AROUND THE "NEEDLES"

H.R.H. the Duchess of York, President of the Royal School of Needlework, at her stall during the Summer Sale of needlework last week in Kensington

Sport and General

LORD DERBY (right), WITH HIS SON, LORD STANLEY, AND LADY STANLEY

G. P. U.

SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER

moment's hesitation or any sign of what he must have been feeling, the Prince went straight to the bed, bent down, and kissed the poor maimed face.

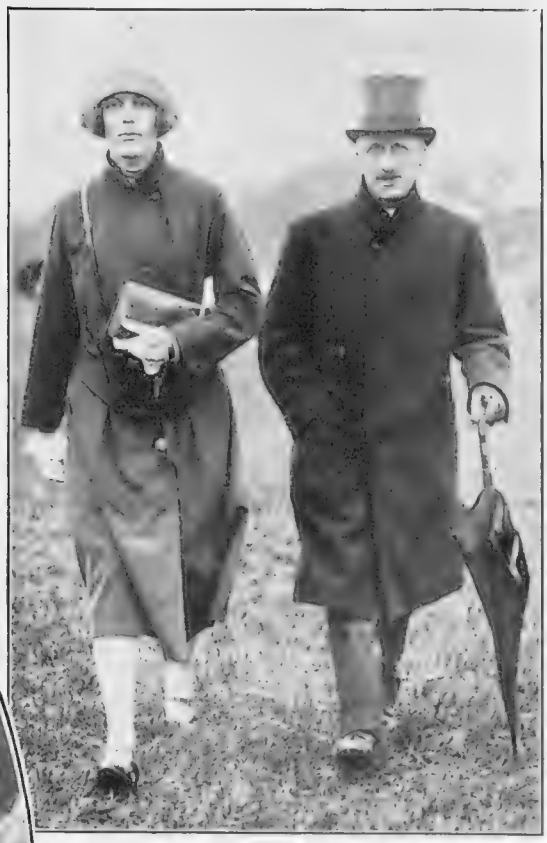
Last Week

THERE was so much doing last week that many people wished we had arrived at that state

SOME DERBY DAY SPECTATORS OF THOSE TWO HEAVEN-SENT PHENOMENA — MANNA AND RAIN

British Illus.

THE OWNER OF RUNNYMEDE ARRIVES



G. P. U.

LADY IRENE PRATT AND HER FATHER, THE MARQUIS CAMDEN

of civilisation, prophesied by some of the scientists, when you can sit in your own bones and body in one place, and by "thought projection" see what is going on in another.

First, there was the Caledonian Dinner, and the Albani concert, then the Derby, the Royal Tournament at Olympia, the Ladies' Kennel Club Show, the Whitney Cup at Hurlingham, and, last, the opening by the King of the Great West Road on his way to Windsor. The King and Queen were the first to travel along the whole length of the road. Their Majesties will stay at Windsor until towards the end of the month.

So much for public events. Princess Mary gave a big dinner at Chesterfield House, there were over twenty important dances, and a big afternoon party at the French Embassy; but, as usual this season, an absence of big dinner parties. It was a week of rushing from pillar to post, consequently the world, its wife and its daughters were glad to get away for Whitsuntide and count their Derby winnings—or losses.

The Coaching Club

THE motor-car has not yet written "finis" to the history of the Coaching Club, but only nine coaches turned up for the opening meet in Hyde Park, and three of these were military coaches—the Royal Artillery, Royal Horse Artillery, and Royal Army Service Corps. Sir Edward Stern was one of the older members of the club still driving, but both Lord Desborough and Lord Hollenden have given up the delights of coaching. Lord Desborough is the president of the Club, and gave the signal for the start to Ranelagh.

The Caledonian Ball

I ALWAYS think the entrance of the pipers into the big ballroom at the Hotel Cecil, heading the procession of the kilted men and be-tartaned ladies with which the Caledonian Ball opens, one of

Sport and General

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

Sport and General

THE HON. THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY AND LADY DIANA KING

G. P. U.

LORD AND LADY MANTON

the most thrilling moments in the London season. It is one of those thrills that never fail you. Last week the ball was more crowded than ever—they were dancing in a series of rooms. The Duchess of Norfolk had rehearsed her eighty dancers for the set reels admirably. They went off without a hitch, to the great delight of the throng on both sides of the room behind the ropes.

The Duchess herself danced in the sixteensome opposite to the Earl of Dunmore. The Countess of Seafield was in the same set, opposite Lord Scone, the Earl of Mansfield's heir; so was Lady Mary Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's daughter. Her *vis-à-vis* was the Duke of Atholl's brother, Lord James Stewart-Murray. Lady Rachel Howard was in the second reel facing another heir to an earldom, Lord Leslie, the Earl of Rothes's son.

The dais was a blaze of jewels during the dancing of the reels. All the great Scottish dames seemed to be there. And, as usual, Mrs. Logan had come from Inverness to play the piano for the reels. Nobody can touch her in the playing of reels.

Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe

PLYMOUTH and all the surrounding district will miss Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe sorely. She was a delightful woman, interested in everything and everybody, and was greatly beloved throughout the whole of the Mount Edgcumbe property.

G. P. U.

THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY DIANA BRIDGEMAN

G. P. U.

LADY CHESHAM

Central Press

EMPIRE DAY IN ULSTER

There was a muster of some fifteen thousand members of loyal organisations such as the Naval Cadets, Church Lads' Brigade, Girl Guides, etc., on Empire Day at Belfast. Our photograph shows the saluting base in Ormeau Park

G. P. U.

"THIS FOR REMEMBRANCE"

The Duke of Connaught descending the chapel steps at Marlborough College on his arrival to open the new Memorial Hall dedicated to the memory of 750 Marlburians who fell in the war. With him is the headmaster, Dr. Cyril Norwood, and behind, the Bishop of Salisbury

For forty years Lady Ernestine kept house for her brother, the late Lord Mount Edgcumbe, at that fairyland place, Mount Edgcumbe, that faces Plymouth Sound and is almost on an island. Her brother was a widower for thirty-two years, then he married his cousin, the widow of the third Earl of Ravensworth, and Lady Ernestine went to live at Cotehele, a beautiful old house belonging to the Mount Edgcumbes on the Cornish side of the Tamar. When her brother became a widower three years after his second marriage, she took up the duty of hostess again at Mount Edgcumbe and at The Villa in Plymouth, where Lord Mount Edgcumbe spent the winters.

During the time Lady Ernestine was living at Cotehele, I went with the friends with whom I was staying in the neighbourhood to tea with her. Both she and her brother were very kind in allowing people to be shown over the house, which possesses some fine tapestries and Jacobean furniture. As we arrived, a party of trippers from Plymouth were being shown over by an aged retainer. Hanging by the side of the fireplace in the hall was a curious old brass horn—obviously a hunting horn.

"That," said the retainer, pointing to it, "is one of the trumpets with which the Israelites blew down the walls of Jericho."

Lady Ernestine was greatly diverted by the story, and said she was sure the old retainer's imagination would one day lead him to declare that the tapestries were in the Ark with Noah!

The Albani Concert

THERE was something very touching in the atmosphere of the concert given at Covent Garden for Madame Albani, or rather as she will now be known—Dame Emma Albani-Gye. The opera house was filled, and amongst the audience were many elderly folk who had gone to the concert because of the pleasure the great singer had given them in the past. On the stage there was the spirit of honouring a great colleague upon the scene of so many of her own triumphs—audience and performers were in a common bond of sympathy.

Dame Nellie Melba's name did not appear upon the programme, but a slip informed us that she would sing "Porgi d'amor" or "Voi che sapete." And so rapturous was the welcome accorded to her that she was forced to give two encores, one of which was Sir Landon Ronald's "Down in the Forest," which he himself accompanied.

Miss Rosina Buckman, Miss Leila Megane, Miss Sarah Fischer, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Robert Radford, Mr. Tudor Davies and Mr. Dinh Gilly were the other singers to do honour to Madame Albani. Sir Landon Ronald and Sir Henry Wood conducted the orchestra. It was a brilliant concert.

THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF INSPECTS *G. P. U.*

Princess Mary inspecting the 2nd Royal Scots, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief, at Colchester, prior to the departure of the battalion for Egypt. Princess Mary afterwards took luncheon in the Officers' Mess

Newspaper Illus.

THOSE "OLD CONTEMPTIBLES"

One of the first photographs to reach England in 1914 of the gallant Expeditionary Force, with whom will always be associated, in British minds, the name of its gallant commander, Sir John French

Universal P.P.

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL

The Earl of Ypres, whose death was mourned last week by the Empire he so faithfully served, and by our Allies whose esteem and friendship he had won in the fierce times of national peril

The Carl Rosa Opera Company

THE Carl Rosa Company are filling the Lyceum night after night, and deservedly so, for the performances are of a high standard. The season goes on indefinitely because of this success, and did not end on May 30 as I stated it would a week or so ago.

At the close, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson recited an ode specially written for the occasion by Alfred Noyes. Dame Nellie Melba then presented Madame Albani with a great harp of flowers, and Mrs. Kendal laid a wreath of gilded laurel at her feet. Dame Nellie Melba made a little speech—the first time I suppose a *prima-donna* has addressed an audience in speech from the stage of Covent Garden—and the curtain fell upon a black-robed figure, overcome with emotion, sinking to the ground in that wonderful curtsy for which Albani was famous.

Princess Beatrice and Princess Helena Victoria were in the Royal box with Lady Patricia Ramsay and Lady May Cambridge. And, as I have said, old opera-goers were to be seen in all parts of the house.

Photographs] **MOURNERS OF A BROTHER WARRIOR** *[G.P.U. and Central News*

Some of those who followed the bier of the late Lord Ypres outside Westminster Abbey where, for the first time for many years, a funeral service to a dead soldier was held. The group includes: Field-Marshal Lord Haig (representing the King), Prince Arthur of Connaught, General Trotter (representing the Prince of Wales), and Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild (representing Queen Alexandra). Inset: Maréchal Joffre, who paid the last honours to an old comrade-in-arms

THROUGH HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES

I.—THE STRONG RIGHT ARM OF THE LAW

By JAMES DYRENFORTH

Illustrated by AUBREY HAMMOND

I CAN control myself no longer! I have to make a few bitter complaints or else explode, and that would be a messy procedure at best. Anyway, it's the privilege of any foreign visitor in any country to criticise anything.

I object, first and foremost, to your police. Never in my life have I been subjected to such treatment from policemen as I have received from yours. Not one of them has knocked me down or even cursed me! When I have timidly approached one, and, in the apologetic whisper which at home is proper in such a case, asked directions or something, I have actually been told the directions I requested — and not those to hell. I could forgive that in a very *young* policeman. But these old-timers — why, hang it, they haven't the right to call themselves policemen at all!

"Gave me his truncheon to suck"

I recall an experience I had in New York. I was in Fifth Avenue, one afternoon, and I wanted to ask the way to the Metropolitan Museum. After all, you can't expect New Yorkers to know any more about New York than Londoners know about London. So I approached a large, Irish-American gentleman in police uniform, who was snarling at, and up, the traffic. Assuming the correct manner, I asked my question. Without a moment's hesitation he gave me *the correct answer*. He barked at me, seized me by the throat, bit off my right ear, knocked me savagely on to the pavement, and then turned his back obligingly while three pickpockets stepped from the unheeding throng of passers-by and took my watch, the silver spoon I had just borrowed from the Ritz-Carlton Hotel during lunch, and the five cents that mother had allowed me for chewing-gum. They then stamped on what was left of my face, passed the five-cent piece to the constable by way of commission, shook him warmly by the hand, and went off in search of bigger game. Now, that's *my* idea of a policeman who knows his job.

Contrast this experience with one I had in my early days in London. I was in the Strand and wanted to find one of those nearby streets that changes its name every few hundred yards. So, buttoning my coat to the neck and setting my teeth as one does before being run over or getting into a cold bath, I edged up to a Robert and went through my well-learned formula. With a pleasant smile that made me instantly suspicious of him, he said, "Take the third turning to the North and then the second to the West, the North being directly opposite to the way I am now facing." Well, I sat right down on the kerb and cried as though my little heart would break, while that utterly inferior policeman said, "There, there!" and gave me his truncheon to suck.

"My beautiful bullet-proof shirt"

And speaking of truncheons, it seems to me it would be about as sensible to call a boy with a pea-shooter a soldier as to call a man with a truncheon a policeman. *Real* policemen, as everyone knows who lives in a country that does things in a "big" way, carry fully loaded automatic pistols. And they don't merely carry them. They *use* them. It's quite a touching sight, on a fine summer afternoon, to see four or five of these gay-hearted sportsmen having a little quiet target-practice amongst the passers-by. And their healthy enthusiasm when one of them picks off a fast-travelling motor-cyclist at sixty yards is a joy to behold. And, what's more, it adds a touch of adventure to motor-cycling. So *everyone's* happy. Oh, how can you deprive your police of so much innocent fun?

I think what is, perhaps, wrong with your police is that you don't keep them busy enough. There's altogether too much security about. It's beginning to unnerve me. Coming from a land where murders and hold-ups are daily and hourly occurrences, and imagining England to be also a properly civilised country, I brought my beautiful bullet-proof shirt—the blue steel one with wrought-iron insertions — which is still natty and attractive, though worn a bit thin on the left side from an unusually heavy rain of bullets last winter. But I've long since ceased to wear it, and, when I go home, it will be so rusty from disuse that I shall have to get a new one.

At Bow Street, where I report occasionally, along with the rest of the aliens, what happens to me? Does anyone bellow at me and ask me why the —— I couldn't be satisfied to stay in my own blamed country? Not a bit of it! They had tried to keep me out at Southampton, but I had got in, anyway. And with true British sportsmanship they now make the best of that bad bargain and dispatch my business quietly and quickly, telling me they hope I am happy in England. And so, instead of sneaking out into the rain with my heart full of good, honest hatred, I run lightly out and buy orchids for the policemen's wives.

"The correct answer"

I tell you, your whole police system is wrong. London must put its pride in its pocket, and, instead of getting foreigners over here to learn traffic control and all that, it must just apply to the Mayor of New York to ship a boatload of the real boys over here for a while. The cry is for Brighter London. You'll *get* it that way, and no mistake.

Daffodil Time in a South Wales Garden

Compton Collier

Lady Howard-Stepney, widow of the late Sir (Edward) Stafford Howard, a kinsman of the Duke of Norfolk, photographed with her son and daughter in the grounds of Cilymaenllwyd, her home in Carmarthenshire

Motley Musings

It is not every racecourse that consistently pays, writes a sporting scribe. Many racegoers last week noticed that Epsom has its ups and downs.

. . . . . .

Suggested by a Budget Debate

This is poor Winston all forlorn,
Who was sadly cowed by the crumpled Horne!

. . . . . .

The recent festivities at Oxford, including the Bump Suppers, seem to have passed off very decorously. As one college porter remarked, "There wasn't one over the Eight's weak *here!*"

. . . . . .

The opera, *Patience*, is to be performed by a company of Bristol amateurs. Might we suggest that the famous opening chorus be amended, "Twenty Gold Flake Maidens We."

. . . . . .

"What d'you think of this new Whirlwind Dance?" asked one sportsman of another in the stalls.

"It isn't their bumping I object to," sighed the latter, "it's their boring!"

. . . . . .

A theatrical journal wonders which is the best piece of stage business ever contrived. We are inclined to give the palm to two gentlemen who used to sing a number entitled "Eton Boys," and who at the line, "And let Time bring what it may," simultaneously brought out their two Waterbury watches!

Exclaimed a young man of a Thames C.C.
"Our eleven could take on the M.C.C."
Said a friend, "You romance;
You would stand as much chance
If you stood in the ring against Dempsey—see?"

. . . . . .

It is the fashion now to give names to ladies' dresses, as, for instance:

Pink Purity!
Blue Ruin!
Crême Carmel! etc.

But we have just seen one model labelled, "Purple Past!"

. . . . . .

Carry On

A parti carrée, *I agree,*
Will make a jolly company
Raise old Harry;
But wouldn't you perhaps aver
That two *make up a jollier*
Party, Carrie?

Some of our Communist comrades profess dissatisfaction with their battle song, "The Red Flag." We are willing (for a suitable fee) to write them a beauty called either "The White Feather" or "The Black Cap."

. . . . . .

For those who are anxious to drink ports,
There are red, there are white, there are pink ports:
Some are only, I think,
Fit to pour down the sink;
But, of course, I'm not meaning the Cinque ports!

. . . . . .

"Docks are unsightly things," writes a correspondent. Liverpool, however, regards them as a "crowning Mersey."

. . . . . .

It's an Ill-Wind

Winston, can you conceive the pain that's felt,
Consequent on your silk tax (artificial)?
Will not the cries of harassed females melt
The heart official?

Must that lisle thread, that foul atrocity,
Replace those silken stockings? Oh no, no, sir!
And yet no more can one-eleven-three
Purchase their hose, sir.

It is an insult that they can't endure:
From Maud, from Marion, from Jane and Jinny,
Unanimously comes the cry that you're
A silk worm, Winnie!

Stay, was it done for agriculture's sake?
I know this impost hurts my gentler readers,
And yet our farmers can a fortune make,
If they're pig breeders.

A mint of money waits them and their ilk,
For though this tax the flapper's anguished brow sears,
Keepers of porcine pets can now make silk
Purses from sows' ears!

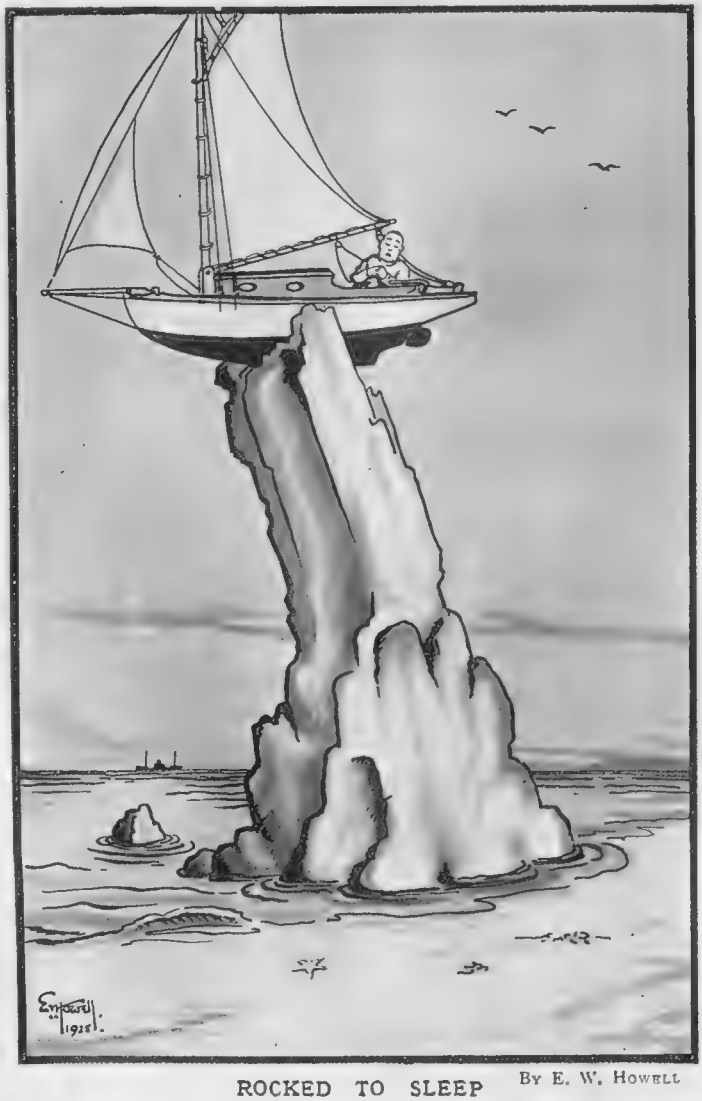
. . . . . .

Answers to Correspondents

Erin: The date of the lady's age is uncertain, but we fancy that the Colleen wasn't Bawn yesterday.

Literary: No, the letters "M.A." have nothing to do with the Third Degree.

HARTLEY CARRICK



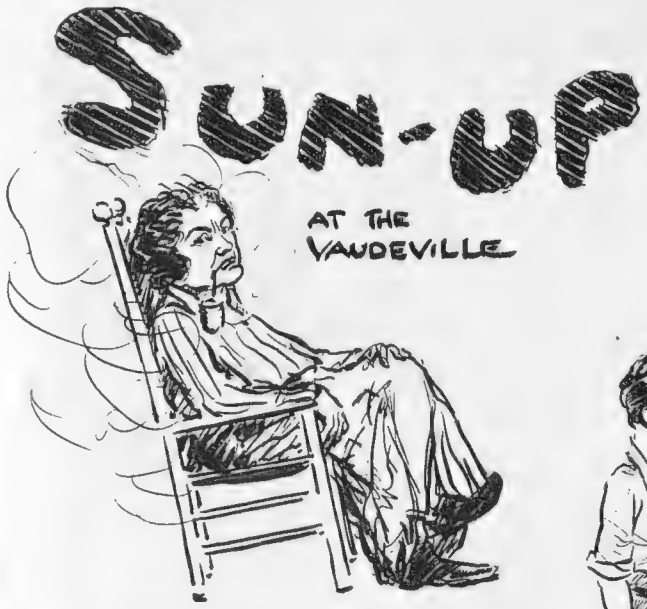
ROCKED TO SLEEP By E. W. Howell

What might happen to the yachtsman who fell asleep at the tiller

A Flight of Fancy

BY DAVID WILSON

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who has always been more fitly described as aletaster than poetaster, in a sort of dream-world that many of us have often envied. As he has now been officially appointed aletaster by Lord Burnham at a Court Baron recently held at Beaconsfield, he will doubtless have to wear a uniform between the hours of—— But you know them as well as we do



Produced May 4, 1925

By "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

SOME years ago, browsing in a second-hand bookseller's shop, I found among a collection of "All-in-this-Box-Sixpence" what proved to be a rather stodgy volume of sermons with the flamboyant title of "Sunrise on the Soul." I recall the title now because it seems to be the English translation of "Sun-Up," as the term is used in this play, though it is only fair to say that it is not till the last act is reached that we have any evidence that the lady in the case has a soul capable of solar irradiation. Widow Cagle, who lives among the mountains of North Carolina, wrests a precarious living from the soul, the products of which are mainly devoted to illicit distilling of whisky. It is her boast that she has been breaking the law for forty years, and intends to do so till the last. This is a very lamentable state of affairs, of course, but in these days of childish legislation we have all become law-breakers more or less, and to that extent the Widow has our sympathy.

THE play owes such success as it may achieve to the very powerful acting of Miss Lucille La Verne as the strong-minded Widow. We learn that her husband, the late Mr. Cagle, was caught by the Revenue officers of the State at his business of "Moonshining," and in making a plucky but imprudent effort to get away with the stuff, was fatally shot in the back. The Widow's chief grievance is that the man who killed her husband is still alive, although her son Rufe protests that he has been tracking the fellow for a year in the effort to kill him under the law of the vendetta. Then we come to the purpose of the play. It is "noon-day, June 5th, 1917," when America ceased to be too proud to fight, and decided to wade in and win the War.

LUCILLE LA VERNE AS WIDOW CAGLE AND OWEN MEECH AS PAP TODD

THE Widow's only son Rufe hears that a law has been passed which will require him to enrol for enlistment at once. His mother becomes righteously indignant on hearing that a son of hers could ever have any respect for the law, the heartless institution that killed his poor father. But Rufe feels the call, and decides to go. The only preliminary he insists upon is that he shall marry Emmy Todd before he goes. Emmy is another example of the fine acting of the play. She is an illiterate person of poor stock, and with no very great intelligence, all of which defects are represented with remarkable fidelity to nature by Miss Sara Haden. Rufe Cagle (Mr. Kevett Allen) has not much to do except to preach a proper sentiment of patriotism, and after his wedding we see him no more. The wedding itself, which is presumably a faithful representation of the local ceremonial of that wild mountain region, is quite amusing. We meet the Preacher, who is glad to be able to announce that he has now a congregation of twelve members, and that so far none of them has shot, or been shot at by, another. Presented by the Widow with a plug of her tobacco, he accepts the gift with the brief remark that he prefers chewing to smoking, and rams it in his mouth accordingly. During the most solemn part of the wedding ceremony, the Preacher finds that the quid is impeding his flow of speech, and he therefore rejects it by the readiest known method before resuming his pious exhortation to the bride and bridegroom. The scene is distinctly unconventional, but it has an impressiveness of its own, and the solemnity of the occasion is quite adequately conveyed by Mr. Charles Macdonald as the Preacher, in spite of the nervous little laugh provoked from us momentarily by the chewing incident.

THE Widow does not descend to the foolishness of kissing her son as he takes his leave of her; but there is a splendid manifestation of suppressed emotion as she follows him with her eyes

down the road, while her pipe drops from her lips, and she finds herself fondling the field hoe that had been so often in her son's hands. The tragical official note so disastrously incidental to the period comes to hand a few months later. Rufe has been killed in action. Emmy can read only with difficulty, but she spells out enough of the official news to learn the worst and breaks down with a grief that Widow Cagle also clearly feels, but is too proud to manifest. Then a stranger arrives at the Widow's cabin. He is a young man spent with travel; covered with snow and perishing of hunger, and we soon learn that he is a deserter from the Army. The Widow undertakes readily to shelter him, if only to show her abiding contempt for the law, and in due course he is packed off to the room once occupied by Rufe.

A LITTLE later the Sheriff arrives with his man. He has been ordered to arrest the deserter who has been tracked through the snow

to the Widow's cabin. In her grim way the Widow bids him get on with his searching, and she walks calmly to the corner and picks up a rifle. Her amiable intention is to kill the Sheriff rather than let him arrest his prisoner. She declares that she has always wanted a chance to have a shot at the Sheriff, and the present occasion seems likely to gratify her cherished ambition. As it happens, however, the deserter cannot be found at once. He managed to conceal himself under a heap of potatoes and thus escape the vigilance of his pursuer. The Sheriff is far from being satisfied, but as he does not care for the Widow's tone, and positively dislikes the look of

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

"THE (STRANGER)" (GLEN BURDETTE) SEEKS REFUGE WITH WIDOW CAGLE

her levelled gun, he withdraws from the cabin reluctantly, to wait another opportunity of resuming his search. The opportunity comes a little later, when he is able to furnish the Widow with documentary evidence to show that the deserter she is harbouring is the son of the man who shot her husband in the back, on that moonshiny night a year ago.

THE law of the vendetta, of course, extends to the next-of-kin. For ordinary law the Widow has expressed her contempt again and again. But the tribal law is sacred and must be observed. In a peremptory tone she calls the deserter to come out of his hiding place and give his name. Having thus obtained proof of his identity, she commands him to get a gun so that she shall not shoot him without making at least an appearance of a straight fight. Just as matters seem to be getting desperate indeed, the Widow gets a little wild-eyed, and calls to the deserter and to Emmy, who is trying to shield him, and asks them if they do not hear Rufe's voice. She hears it quite plainly. He is calling from the spirit world with the gentler precepts of mercy, and his mother hears and puts up her gun, and lets the deserter go on his promising to give himself up to the authorities.

IN a powerful and impressive monologue Widow Cagle talks to the spirit of her son, saying that it was sundown when he went away, and his message has come now at sun-up to guide the soul newly born within her. These strange glimpses of spirit-life are to-day the cherished consolation of many worthy people bereaved by the toll of War, and I judge that the subject is too delicate to be discussed by outsiders like myself. The play is, perhaps, for the most part pure sob-stuff, but it is redeemed by the general excellence of the acting. I should hesitate to say, however, that it is judicious on the part of any management just now to tear open so fiercely the old wounds that time in its mercy was already beginning to heal. JINGLE

A Last Drop-Scene!

Navana

Madame Nattova, the charming young Russian, who dances with 'Myrio in "Sky High" at the Palladium. She has just written a book on dancing that has been translated into English

GOLFING GLOOMS

No. III—CLOTHING

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS*

ONE can only assume that the "Plus Four" garment was invented by a tall tailor with nice long legs and the sort of calves that "Ouida" would have devoted a longish paragraph to in her description of the Guardee hero. There is a legend that they came into being by accident: that a man one day in September, wearing grey flannel bags, continued to slice out of bounds into a very wet root field, and improvised "plus fours" by pulling his socks up over and tying the rest up with string below the knee. His opponent was the tailor in question, who became delivered of an idea. . . . But whether that was so or not the fact remains that the "plus four" is worn by most of the twenty-four handicap Men of the Moment, who cannot play "decently you know, ol' man," in leg coverings of any other shape. It can't be done.

Some men proceed to paint the lily by adopting a tittivation known, I believe, in Scotland as "flashes." It is invariably the little man with the broad-as-he-is-long figure who follows this cult. My sister (she married a gaunt, heather-striding Highlander) sent me a pair the other day. Royal blue, to be worn on iron-grey stockings (I haven't any), "very smart, all the men up here do it." I daresay. To me these little tassels of wool, which swing about beneath the stocking turnover, always have the appearance of something that has come adrift—most embarrassing in a mixed foursome.

It is a truism to say that the more immaculate a man is when he saunters towards the first tee the more likely are you to be able to give him strokes. Not always. There is an hilarious club I know up in the North where they look out for these innocents abroad, and get the good money on with the bland deprecating smile in the bar beforehand. A certain tea planter home on leave from Ceylon (his nickname at school was Ulysses) heard about this stronghold and set about capturing it in his own quiet way. He went to Hannibal-The-Great-Tailor and had a suit of plus fours made with pleats and puckers and revolving sleeves, and all manner of buttoned pockets. He bought a pair of very yellow shoes with hefty nails, a new bag, about eighteen stainless steel clubs, and a very large floppy check cap. He had no club handicap at home, and informed eager and friendly men in the "up North" smoking-room that he was an erratic twelve, rising fifteen, on the nine-hole course "out East"—which was true, as the handicapping committee consisted mainly, out there, of himself.

He chose as an opponent for a single in the morning a man who had to get home directly afterwards to lunch. He seemed quietly satisfied with his morning's work. I watched the avid four-ball going towards the first tee after a heavy lunch, loaded with side bets and doubling-up corners, Ulysses looking like Harry Tate. I had been in the same house with him at school, and I retired thoughtfully to the practice putting-green. He paid all his week-end expenses out of that round, the cost of all the clothes, and a tidy bit over, I believe. Appearances *are* deceptive, even at golf.

"He chose as an opponent a man who had to get home to lunch"

There is a type of man—I am afraid I am one of them—who never quite gets away from the difficulties about golfing clothes. They add rather to the pathos of the game for me. You look anxiously out of the window on a golfing morning to make sartorial decisions. A muggy day, no wind. That means the Shetland and a thin woolly. But the other three men decide in the car to go to Walton Heath, when you had thought it was to be the sheltered St. George's Hill. Arrived on this Everest, a bitter north-easter has sprung up, and the putter is nearly

shaken out of your hand with shivering on every green.

It has become *de rigueur* now to leave your coat behind on all occasions, and to trapse round the course in a coloured jumper calculated to make any self-respecting horse shy violently. Very edifying for the ladies, I know, but a serious handicap for me. It is necessary to the even tenor of my way round any course, that I have about my person for the frequent moments of crisis a pipe (preferably two), a bulky pigskin tobacco pouch, a long cigarette-case, matches, a couple of balls, several red tees, a stick of "Holdtite" for the club grips, a bit of chalk for the head of the driver, a card, a pencil or two, a certain amount of money (this depending on the type of opponent), a handkerchief, a knife (never move without a knife—fatal), keychain with knobbly keys on end, and a little roll of plaster against cracked skin. I mean, that is the least a reasonable man requires; for, believe me or believe me not, the moment you embark upon the uncharted ocean of the links *without* any one of these necessities of life, it is as certain as it is that one of the caddies will hiccup *some* time during the round (and we all know how inevitable this is), that your opponent will be dormy four on you as you come off the fourteenth green. And all you are allowed by the inexorable dictates of fashion nowadays are a couple of small holes on each side of these jumpers, which the cheery optimist who sells the thing to you calls pockets; but which I call by quite a different name when the few things I can stuff into them fall out on to the green when I am in the act to hole a long putt for a possible half.

I hear now that the *proper* golf jumper has no pockets: that it isn't done by the best people. It is about time the Royal and Ancient stepped in and made a few more barring rules, like they did about the Chenectaddy putter and the nutmeg-grater-faced mashie—high time. But up at St. Andrew's, of course, they can play in anything, even a wet mackintosh, or a tight dinner-jacket and a boiled shirt. It makes no difference, the "pars" would continue to mount up against you just the same—all the way round!

Next of Series

No. IV.

The Contemplative Caddie

OUR NODDING ACQUAINTANCES

By Stan Terry

Wife (*returning to table after chatting to friend*) "I suppose you've been enjoying 'forty winks' dear?"
Husband (*absently*) "No, darling—only two"

A Scion of the Times

BY ALBERT BAILEY

PHYLLIDA: "Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are effeminate. How do you account for it?"
PHILLIP: "I suppose it's hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half women!"

The big feature of the Royal Tournament, which opened last Thursday at Olympia, is the Pageant of the Gu
uniforms of Waterloo. The Tournament includes all the yearly displays and contests, mounted and dismo

Guns. The main incident in "Blam s' Impressions shows the Musical Drive by "O" Battery, R.H.A., in the mounted, a favourite item being the hectic inter-port Field Gun Competition by the Navy and Marines

A Striking Example

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The sort of thing that convinces one of the necessity of lightning conductors on golf courses

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

I IMAGINE that of all things which you like to hear from Paris during the unrolling of the year's events, everything can take a back place to an account of the new "show" at the Folies-Bergère. *Eh bien*, this is the week, and what is perhaps too wicked for words—in the sight of the uncommonly good—can always be *effleuré* with the delicate Marcellian pencil. On the whole *Un Soir de Folie* fulfils exactly what is demanded of it by maintaining a perfect fidelity of resemblance to its predecessors—a departure from the familiar likeness would mean an early closing of the doors—and if one has occasion to use rough language towards the unpleasant nature of two or three features, it is because their inclusion daubs a very murky streak across what is otherwise a very daintily delicate, artistically perfect and often triumphantly magnificent, confection of stagecraft.

"Black Fox against a brilliant silver-white robe"

REALLY, the Folies-Bergère entertainment has almost ceased to be *revue*, in the accepted meaning of the word, for *revue* implied a call on the intelligence for appreciation of sparkling epigram and witty topical allusion, whereas the essence of the "Follies" spectacles is an appeal to the eyes. No criticism is herein involved, for there are adequate supplies of music-halls to furnish the original type of *revue*—more than there are clever *revuistes* to write for them—and the Folies-Bergère meets the desires of innocents abroad who have a keenness to learn much about the French and have only their eyes to tell them.

IN *Un Soir de Folie* there is less than hitherto to strain the intelligence, but more than ever for the eyes, which is an estimate that, to those who know the Folies-Bergère, or to those who have the gift of long-distance vision, should need no further elaboration. It is not at all unlikely that the strings of beads or the tape-width "robes" which enfold the Venuses of the Follies have imposed a larger expenditure of francs than has been previously incurred, but it must have been on account of the colouring or the texture. Otherwise there ought to have been a cut in the cost to compare with the reduction of quantity. "Oh the little more and how much it is——"

TWO of the tableaux, "L'Etang merveilleux" and "Les Treilles de Bordighiera" are of a beauty of conception that surpasses anything done at this house, despite the high standard which it has established in former *scènes de spectacle*. All the mysterious beauty one associates with the foliage surrounding a dark pool in a forest lives in the staging of "L'Etang merveilleux," and all the gorgeous colouring of grape-harvest time on the Riviera has been captured for "Les Treilles de Bordighiera." Probably most spectators would enjoy the doubling of the duration of these two tableaux, just to regale the eyes with the scenic colours, apart from the richly-blessed *demoiselles* among the willows and the vines. That could be accomplished by the suppression of numbers that could very well be spared.

"La poule à la broche"

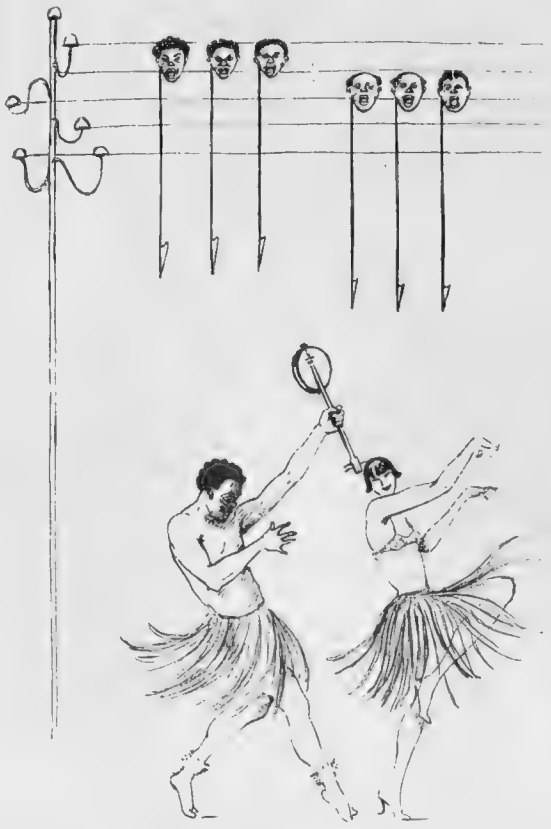
PERHAPS it is because of the success of the "Torture Garden" in an earlier *revue* that the producers have presented "La poule à la broche," or the "Chicken on the Spit." It certainly possesses no justification in itself. There is a much more acceptable spirit about "Les Poules de Luxe," in which the type of *mondaine* or *demi-mondaine* painted by fashionable artists of the day, like Domergue, Brunelleschi, Van Dongen and Foujita, are seen to be even more alluring

"Maurice and Barbara Bennett in the 'Jardin de ma Sœur'"

in the flesh—plus some amount of frock—than they are in the Salon des Indépendants. The "Femme de Foujita" is a perfect study of the Japanese artist's violent black and white contrasts, black fox against a brilliant silver-white robe. Another clever piece of contrast is introduced in the *pagne* dance, where negroes' heads are used as notes in a music-stave.

IT is a pity that the inclusion of negroes in the *revue* is not restricted to this neutral rôle. On no fewer than three occasions they are given active participation along with white women, which is in itself a venture that cannot be recommended. But one of them, based exclusively on an intimate mingling of black and white, is the most repulsively horrible spectacle that has been presented in Paris for many years, almost nude white women and black men being a sufficiently disgusting grouping; but presented, as they are, as nuns and monks dancing before an altar after casting off their garments, it becomes an offence against good taste. I shall be immensely surprised if this is not hissed off when the Americans begin to arrive in their big battalions, for they are one of the main sources of revenue to the Folies-Bergère, and they are unlikely to remain silent in face of this. Paris does not like the censor, but there is a job for him now.

OLD friends have been rolling into Paris thick and fast, recollecting *sans doute*, that it was blossom time, and lengthening our nights to the morning-milk hour. Maxim's, like the Ritz and Harry's, is occasionally visited by "lightning" artists, who sketch you while you are looking the other way, then present you with a copy, hoping you will find the likeness so flattering that you may be willing to exchange a hundred-franc note for it. Such an one—it must have been his unlucky day—trustingly handed a rough sketch to a visiting BYSTANDER artist, after labouring over it for about a quarter of an hour. The artist looked at it for a minute or two, then turned the paper over and, producing a pencil from someone's else's pocket, dashed off a portrait of himself in about seven lines, which he pushed across to the unlucky one. After one glance the "lightning" artist walked right out of Maxim's without a word—out into the warm summer's night, but obviously thinking it was a cruel, cold world.



"The *pagne* dance"

ANOTHER old friend to return with the blossom is Maurice, who has brought his new partner, Barbara Bennett, to the *Jardin de ma Sœur*, which, to be strictly truthful, is the Garden of his Brother, Oscar. Maurice opened on the twentieth anniversary of his dancing appearance in Paris, and over the St. Marceaux there was more inclination to talk about old times than of the future. When, twenty years ago, Maurice started his dancing career at the old Café Royal in Montmartre, he received a nightly salary of three and half francs, to-day the price of a packet of cigarettes. Lately he has been paid about eight hundred pounds a week in New York. Yet I saw him rehearsing his steps to the time of the International Fives as thoroughly as if he still had the ladder to climb. That's the spirit! RENÉ

Navana

THE BENDING MOMENT—A QUESTION OF CONSIDERABLE STRESS

Miss Amelia Allen adopts a contemplative attitude towards life (which, incidentally, is said to be very good for the figure) in "On With the Dance" at the London Pavilion

A Follow-On

BY BATCHELOR

"GLAMORSET" GOING OUT TO BAT—OUR UNSPORTING ARTIST'S UNKINDEST CUT

Tactful to the last, we have carefully refrained from giving *any* hint as to the identity of the County concerned

Out-of-Doors in the World of Sport:

WATCHING THE ARMY'S POLO DEBUT

Field-Marshal Lord Haig and his daughter with Captain Boles (who displaced Major Lockett, owing to the latter's indisposition), at Ranelagh, where the British Army team played its first match, beating Wanderers by 7 goals to 6

THE OPEN HUNDRED AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

W. S. Saunders (Fitzroy Lodge A.C.) winning the 100 yards open handicap in even time at the London Athletic Club's Spring Meeting. E. A. Chilcott and P. W. Weston were second and third respectively

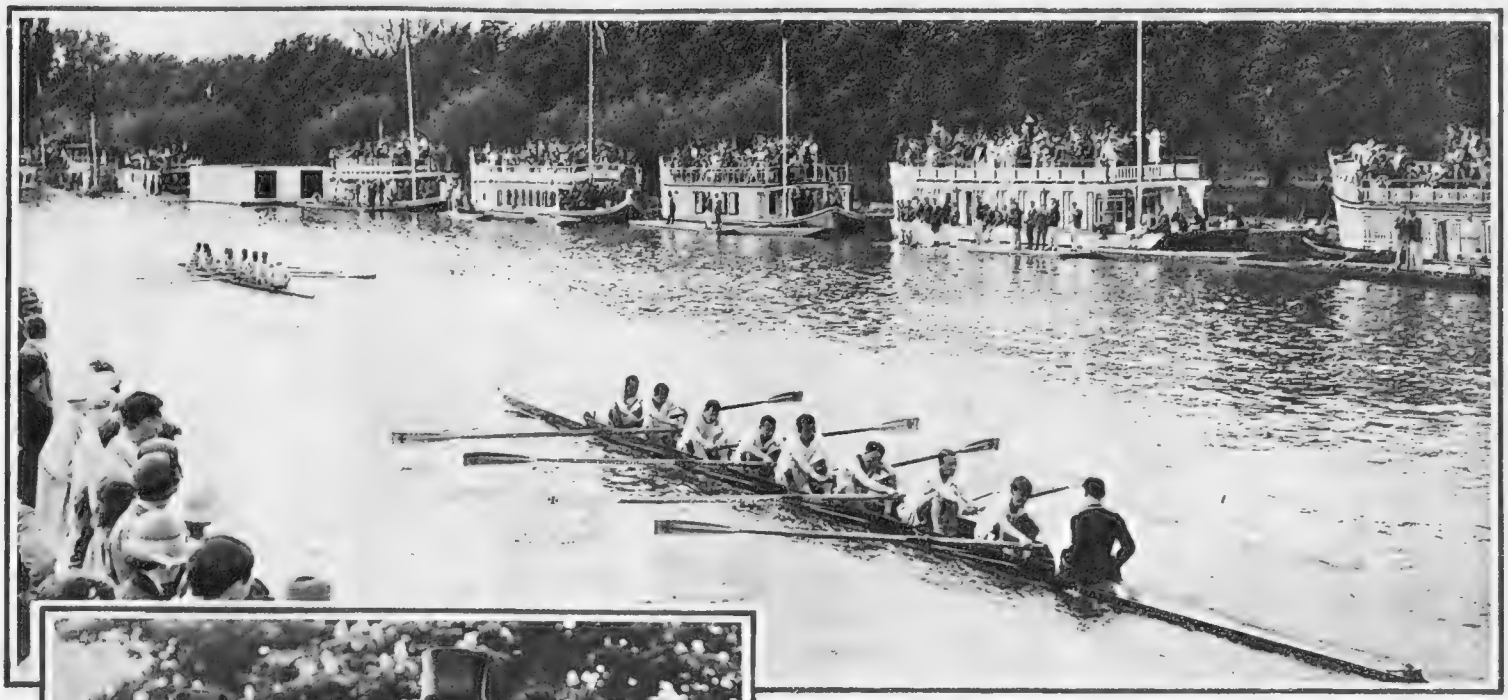
THE ENGLISH TEAM

The victorious English golfers who beat Scotland quite easily at Westward Ho by eight and five—but not without some anxious moments. Names—standing: S. F. Robinson (left), E. F. Storey, T. F. Ellison, the Hon. M. Scott, Sqd.-Leader C. H. Hayward; seated: R. H. Wethered, Sir Ernest Holderness, C. H. Tolley, H. D. Gillies

AN EASY WINNER

H. B. Stallard (University of London) first home in the mile at Stamford Bridge. London University beat London Athletic Club and Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in a triangular contest. L.A.C. were second

Some Events of the Week in Pictures



THE SUMMER EIGHTS AT OXFORD

One of the second division races in progress. A general view of the river showing the barges

OUT WITH THE BLUE ROANS AGAIN

Sir Edward Stern, with Lady Leigh, at the first of the two annual meets of the Coaching Club, in Hyde Park. No Coaching Day would seem complete without Sir Edward's well-known team of blue roans

Photographs *Sport & General and I.B*

THE GUNNERS' COACH

Colonel Main tooled a sporting team from "O" Battery, R.H.A., at the Coaching Club meet at the Magazine. With him are Mrs. Main, Major-General and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Tremlett, and Mr. and Mrs. Brownhill

ON THE ROAD TO RANELAGH

Mr. Charles Phillips, of Melton Mowbray, Vice-president of the Coaching Club, leading off at the Hyde Park meet with his fine team of bay browns. His party included Mrs. Phillips and Colonel and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp

CLUB MEMBERS VI.—THE HAIL-FELLOW-WELL-MET

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

He knows everybody. And everybody knows him. Some members, in fact, when they see him coming along the marble-floored hall (they can hear him, even if they don't see him) make a dart for the billiard room, and disappear into the card room at the other end of it, there to remain in hiding until the tornado has swept on to one of the upper floors.

Of course, he is an awfully *nice* chap. One of the best fellows in the world. He would even lend you money, no doubt, at a pinch, if you dared ask him. But your last state then would be worse than your present, because he would adopt a cheerily possessive attitude towards you, which is unthinkable.

He has some peculiarly noxious vices. One is back-slapping. He is physically incapable of imparting the churlish club nod from the other end of the room, and leave you at that in your splendid isolation, which is what all well-trained clubmen seek as a birthright. No: the moment he has spotted you, then you are marked down for the kill. He will either come right across the room to shake you violently by the hand—an unheard-of thing to do in a well-regulated club—or, recognising you by that tuft of hair which sticks out at the back, he will advance over the noiseless pile carpet to slap you on the back while you are engaged at the writing-table in telling your tailor that he really must cultivate a little more patience. It is at such moments that all your self-control is tested to the cracking point. He will follow up his raucous "Hu-*llo*, my dear fellow!" with that terrible question, "Well, and how are things with you?" Of course, they *aren't*, but it is useless saying so to him. If, in a weak moment, you confide in him that you have got into an infernal mess with your accounts this month, and cannot understand how your bank balance can be only—er—what it is, he will breathe optimism all over you with the remark that the bank has probably made a mistake; that banks are not infallible, not by a long chalk, and pass on to continue his cheery work somewhere else, leaving you to go through that fearful ticking business with passbook and cheque counterfoils again—with the same dreary result.

Or you have been introduced to him somewhere, you try to forget where, and the next time he sees you he is your oldest friend, or appears to be. "Well now, this *is* nice; you will have some tea with me, of course—what? Oh, nonsense: plenty of time for that. Sssss! Waiter! Tea for two. . . ." It is then that you have got to harden your heart against him, and quickly, or you are done for the next hour.

The milk of human kindness exudes from his every pore. He has not, apparently, an enemy in the world, and he is a poor man—there is something very mysteriously wrong about this.

The Hail-Fellow-Well-Met should, on his first taking up membership of any kind of club, be it one of the palaces in Pall Mall, a golf club in Surrey, or a bowling club in Wales, be given some rudimentary instruction in club lore. By the way, he would become inarticulate in his delight at joining a French social club, for here he would be introduced to all the members as they came into the room for days and days after his first entering the place. It is a form of etiquette, I understand, over there that everyone must know everyone else. If this became the fashion in England we should all be in our graves before the year was out.

For the benefit of such breezy gentlemen as may have the perspicacity to see themselves as Hail-Fellows after reading this, allow me to point out to them one or two modes of orthodox behaviour in a club of standing and "in-my-father's-day" tradition. The first attribute of a good clubman is to adopt a self-contained unapproachable mien towards all other members, except about three, with whom he confers in a hissing whisper in the silence room about twice a week.

If he sees a man he knows, who was, perhaps, in the same house with him at school, the correct attitude is either a curt "Mornin', Williamson"; or, better still, quick immersion behind the sheets of the *Times*.

Between 4 and 7 p.m. no good clubman takes less than two copies of evening papers off the paper-table.

He must sit on one and go to sleep over the other.

Finding no paper available, he should sit down near a group of readers, ring for the waiter, and say testily and loudly:

"———— and ————, please—they can't be *all* in use, surely?"

In the company of the unencumbered, except that of a man recently engaged to be married, he should make frequent remarks of an acid nature, preferably within the hearing of a member of the committee, about the monopolisation of the best public rooms by the ladies, adding the words, "Perfect scandal, I call it," to his monologue. This will go very well with most married men. But there will be a freezing rejoinder from the recently affianced one.

All club servants should be grumbled at systematically and continually. The Steward, who has no control over the catering arrangements, should be harangued as if he was personally responsible for the entire maladministration of the place. That is what he is there for.

Never, on passing through a swing door, pause and hold it for the man coming along behind. He will think you want to get to know him, which is, naturally, the last thing in the world you desire or intend to do.

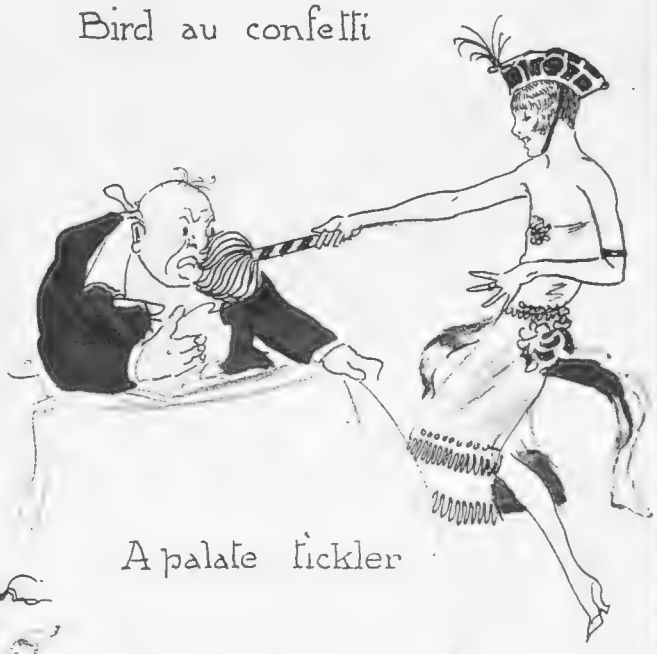
Armed with these few aids to club precedent and procedure, the Hail-Fellow, if adhering to them strictly, can in time remodel himself in the way he should go in your club, and mine. If he persists in his breeziness, and cannot tone himself down into the true groove of life, you wish to heaven he would resign and join some other beastly place!

A Gastronomic Catastrophy

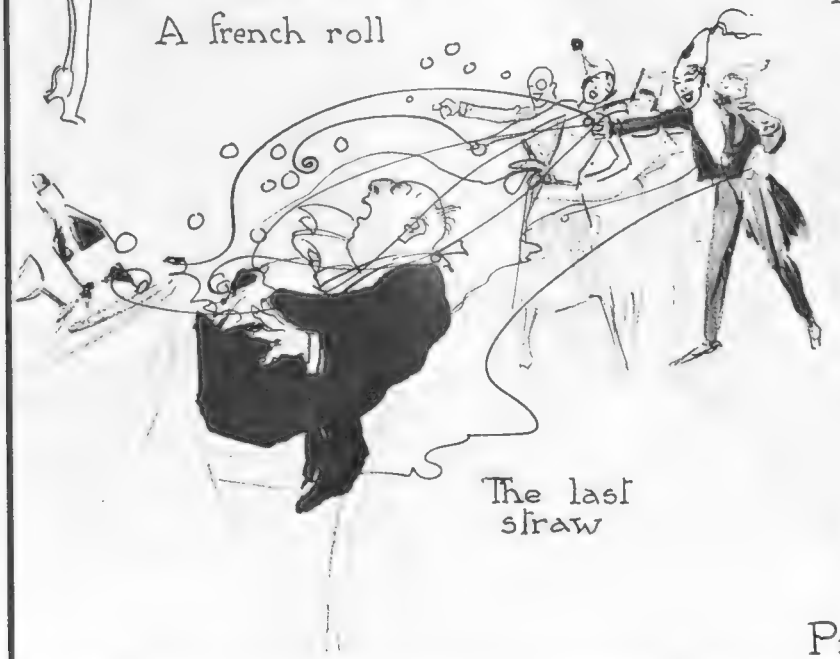
Balloon soup

Bird au confetti

A french roll



A palate tickler



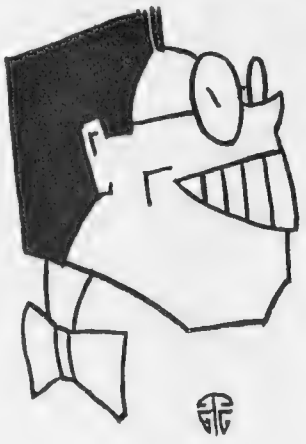
The last straw

Pillar-ied peace

BY LAURIE TAYLER

The sad case of the gourmand who visited a well-recommended restaurant on a "gala" night

YOGO HAMA'S EXCLUSIVE POLO NOVELTIES

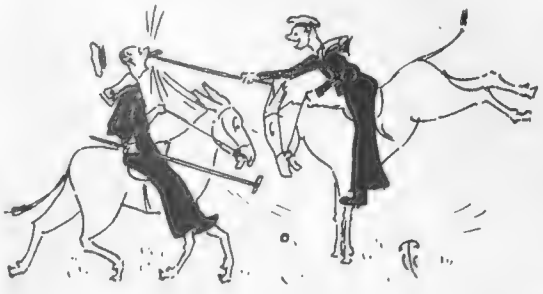


MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

As you are no doubtfully cognizant we are now in the full swing of the poloing season in all its branches. But, I bemuse, how shall persons grow to become interested in this so noble sporting when its writing persons produce us so inspireless reportings that we burst into abysmic yawns? Perhapsly, I adventure to suppose, this are cause why polo are so much more non-popular than footbladder, Oxford v. against Cambridge, the Derby, and other proletariat sportings. Yet, are there more delicious excitements than to witness falling off from their polo gees, or suffering cracks on the head with their sticks, the numerous Hon. poloists? Indeedly no. Also it are very thrillish spectacular to observe the polo enthusiastics encouraging their crews with voluminous noises and other rattles which would cause to crimsonly blush for shame Cup Tie and suchly sound-producing persons.

"An elephant polo XV should cause a great attraction"

But I do not hesitate to doubt that



"A Naval polo Squadron"

before not so very long, footbladder (rug and soc) shall very severely suffer from a nose out of joint and other scornful complaints. "Because of why?" you require, Hon. Sir. Because, I response, of the very extraordinarily especial polo exclusive I have succeeded to secure, and which shall knock into thoroughly cocked hats our Hon. contemporaries who cannot obtain sufficiently brilliant *literati* to achieve so non-paralleled scoopings. In shortly, I have succeed to privately interview Hon. Captain of the Anglo-British polo crew for authentic informations which, I wager to bet, shall cause very gigantic sensations in sporting and other athletic circles.

"Polo enthusiasts encouraging their crews"

"I can scarcely suffice to depict you the abysmal honour I enjoy at this so luscious opportunity to adumbrate a few small words to Hon. Bystanders, Mr. Y. Hama," Hon. Captain inform me in his so creased Anglo-Oxford accents.

"You are indeedly a very lucky chap," I response, "Kindly to now prognose me some authentic tippings for whether Hon. American or Hon. British XV's shall win the cup?"

"This are very ticklish interrogation, Mr. Y. Hama. But you can inform Hon. Bystanders that we all trust to hope the most successful team shall win."

"This are extremely sportings hope, Hon. Captain, and proves to show you are a true Great Briton and can achieve to love your enemies and other hostile XI's. Have you any exclusive informations you can disgorge me?"

"You can inform Hon. Bystander constituents, Mr. Y. Hama, that I prognose this shall be an extremely record season. We have succeeded to acquire some frightful polo attractions which have not ever been invented before. But you must insure me these informations shall be very exclusive to Hon. BYSTANDER."

"I vow to promise that not anybodys else shall smell a leak, Hon. Sir Captain."

"All so well then. Now kindly to pass me your ear and I shall produce you some shattering exclusives. Firstly then, we have decide that an elephant polo XV should cause a great attraction, and have acquired I at cataclysmic expense. This shall be a very epochal sportings event and cause to make polo popular from the Highest to the Lowest 10's."

"This are enormously genious idea. When he sees this so water-tight exclusive, Hon. Editor will jump himself for joy!" I exclam

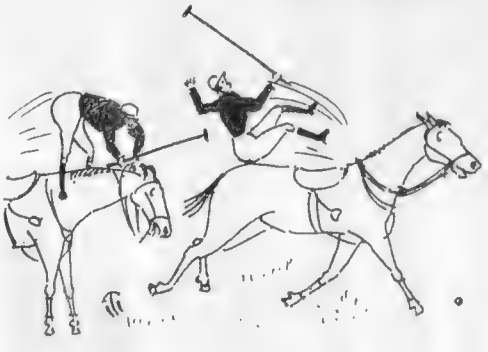
"If that are so, Mr. Y. Hama, I can produce him some more good jumps. For instants, on or about June 31-th., at Hurlingham, we shall make to present another non-paralleled polo novelty. How of a polo rodeo? Arrangements have been secured at catastrophic expenses for cow and other boys to make a team. Instead of striving to catch the polo pill with a bat, they will shoot it with ropes, guns and suchly wildly west weapons."

"How of a polo rodeo"

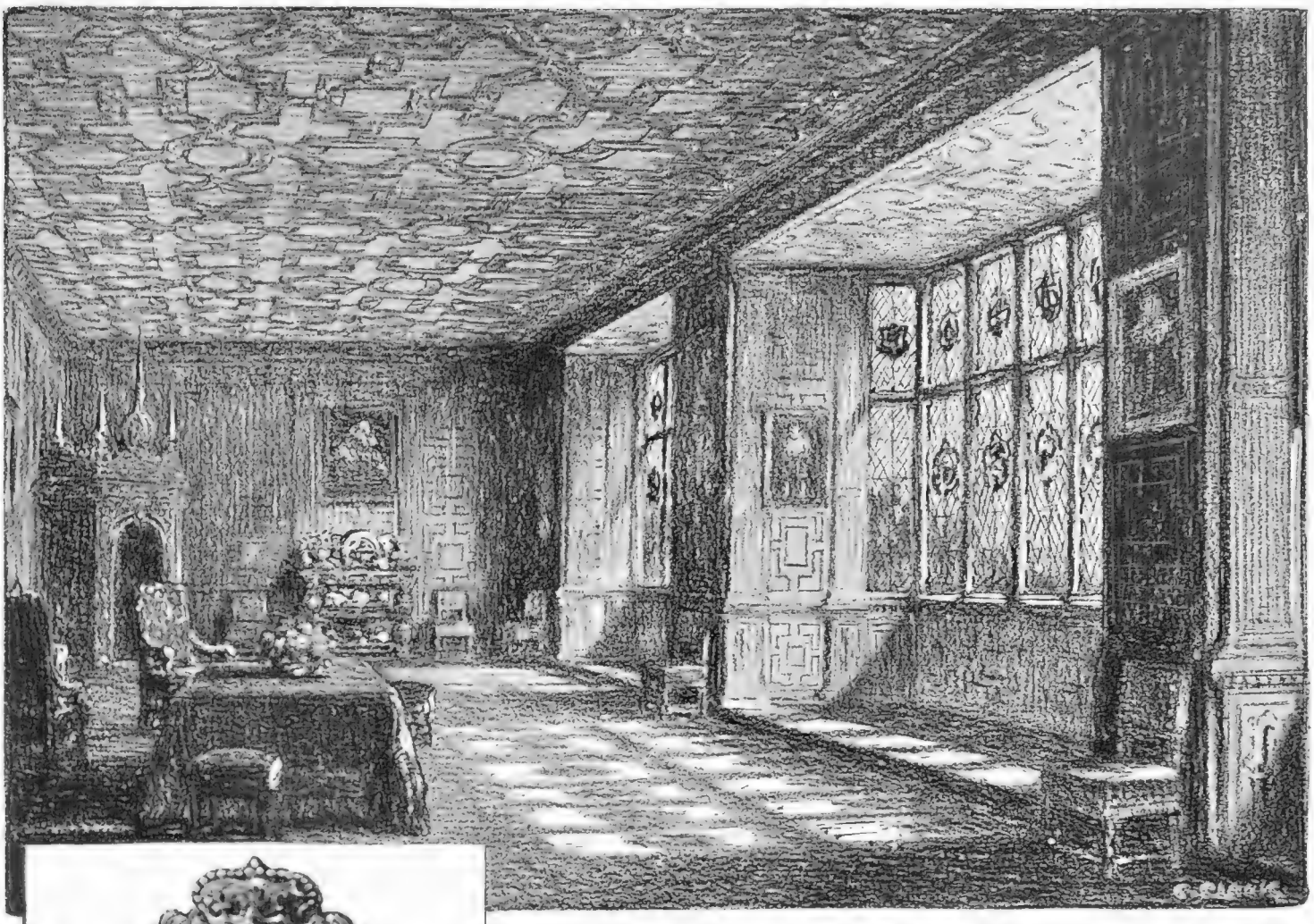
"This are indeedly a stunning exclusive, Hon. Captain. I cannot help to think Hon. Editor will throw 3 or 5 swoons for delight."

"Then, Mr. Y. Hama, this shall give him a ½dz., glad fits, I prognose. We anticipate to confidently acquire (at non-heard of expenses) a ladies XI.

(Continued on page 754)



"Specially prepared polo teams"



The Drawing Room, Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire.

Wall Sconce, late 17th century. These were made in silver, brass and gilded lead, also they were often carved in wood and gilded over. Mirrors were sometimes used as backplates. Chandeliers were not used in England until the middle of the 18th century.

The home of "Old Subtlety"

IMAGINE a mediæval fortress home, with stone walls sparsely windowed. Add to your picture another frontage of later times, with battlemented walls, gabled towers, arched Tudor windows and Elizabethan bays. Encompass the whole with a broad deep moat, and there to your view stands Broughton Castle, much as it has existed for centuries.

Visit the interior and gain a rare glimpse of an English home as it appeared six hundred years ago. Here still is the original armoury, the ancient chapel, the hospital with its traceried windows, the old stone vaulted dining-room with its wonderful scroll panelling—all just as they were when William of Wykeham, Edward the Third's counsellor, bought the house for his sister. The grandson of this lady, Thomas Wickham, obtained a license from Henry IV to crenellate the walls, and so the house became a castle. In an attic in Broughton Castle was brewed a storm destined to alter the history of Britain. Broughton was the home of Lord Saye, champion of political liberty in Stuart days, whose shrewd parliamentary strategy gained him the name of "Old Subtlety." Here he assembled the nucleus of the Puritan Party—Pym, Hampden, Brooke and other malcontents—to perfect the plans which culminated in the Civil War and the death of King Charles. The same years which saw the downfall of the Royalists mark the first progress of John Haig Scotch Whisky towards the universal estimation it has now attained, a position due to the ever-present excellence of quality and consistent maturity during the whole 300 years' history of this famous whisky.

By Appointment.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

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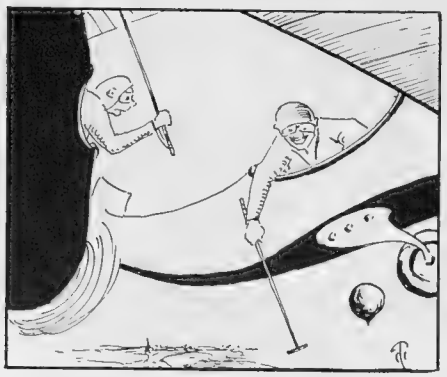


"Not anybody should miss aerial polo combat"

This are a very patent idea and we shall produce some specially prepared polo femns who shall knock Hon. foot-bladders fairs into an invisibly small potatoe. How are that for fits, Mr. Y. Hama?"

"I think Hon. Editor will necessitate to require 2 or 3 several B and S's to retrieve back his consciousness, after so numerous swoons and fits," I response.

"O, but that are not all by very elongated chalks. The M.C.C. polo committee have made purchase (at knock-down expenses) from Hon. Admiralty, a naval polo squadron. This shall be a very positively parallelless event and cause the day to be a reddish letter in the annuals of polo history, also naval."

"This, Hon. Captain, are a scooping which shall make tremendous history," I prognose.

"Non-doubtedly yes, Mr. Y. Hama. But I have another 3-ply scooping which I boast to believe shall never have been equalled. We have, at titanical expenses, achieve to secure an atmospherical polo XI. Not anybody should miss the aerial polo combat which must be the most thrillish spectacular ever witness at Hurlingham."

"Almost I doubt if Hon. Editor shall not expire for joy at this so record-blasting and *ne plus ultra* scooping," I whimple.

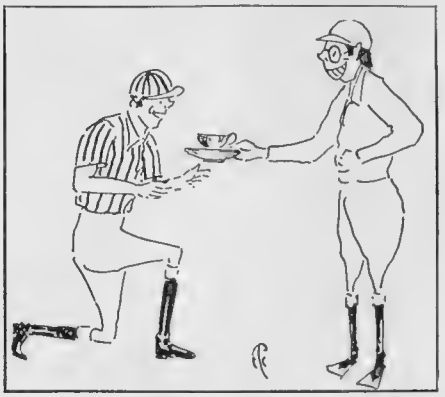
"And now I shall prognose you the most enormously exclusive *coup d'état* of all. Constrain to suppose a Mr. Captain Y. Hama of the Anglo Polo XV, *v* against the All Blacks or other terrible international poloists!"

"Alasly, this are very non-possible because of my so stupendous literary works which 100's of 1,000's of Hon. Bystanders wait to breathlessly imbibe per weekly," I bemoan.

"Capt. Y. Hama of the Anglo Polo XV"

"Are that fortunatelessly so, Mr. Y. Hama?"

"Very alasly yes, Hon. Captain, though I should dote enormously to achieve this so terrifical honour. But



"I shall present a Victory Cup"

kindly to permit I shall present a Victory Cup (complete with saucer) to the polo XI which has succeeded to achieve the most numerous runs, heats, putts and other scores of the 1925 season."

"Mr. Y. Hama, your so luscious generosity causes me scarcely to be able to utter words for choking. Thank you a 1,000,000 times, Mr. Y. Hama."

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your good healths shall survive these epochal scoopings,

I remain

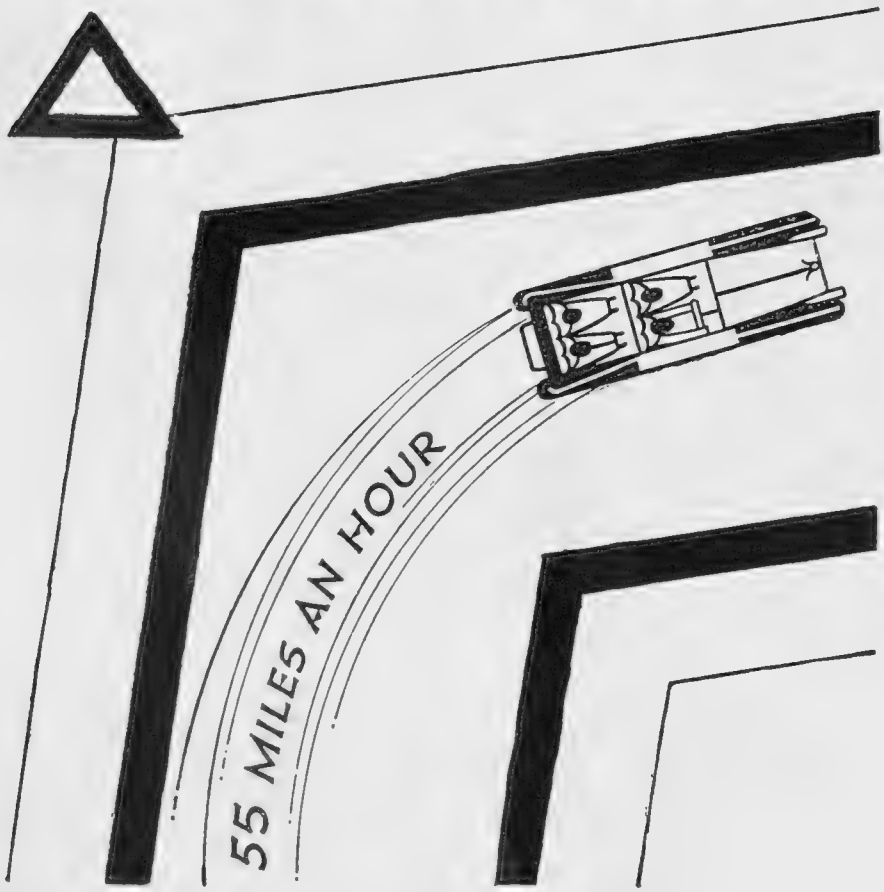
Yogo Hama

A LOW BID

By M. Butcher

"Come here and kiss me, dear, and you shall have a penny to buy some sweeties!"
"No, thank you. Mamma gives me threepence just for taking my castor oil"

THE AMAZING SPRINGING OF THE CHRYSLER



Steady—a sharp bend! No need—this is a Chrysler and the way's clear . . . over with the wheel and round she swings—at 55 if you like!—smoothly, safely. No hint of sidesway. That's the springing, the entirely new sort of springing. But Chrysler's new, startlingly new, in many ways. A sportsman's car! Ride in a Chrysler and see!

Reasons for Chrysler's astounding performance

ENGINE. Six cylinders, in block, removable head, 3in. bore, 4¾in. stroke (3293 c.c.), develops 70 h.p. R.A.C. rating 21.6 h.p. Water-cooled—pump and fan. Over 22 miles to the gallon! Large side by side valves; symmetrical combustion chamber minimising carbonisation. Pistons of aluminium alloy; three rings. Camshaft on four bearings, driven by silent chain.

VIBRATIONLESS! The crankshaft is exceptionally big, supported on SEVEN large bearings; perfectly balanced. No whip, no vibration.

LUBRICATION. Oil pump spiral-driven from camshaft, giving positive force feed through drilled crankshaft to all main and connecting rod bearings, camshaft bearings and timing chain. Oil pressure gauge on dash.

TRANSMISSION, through multiple dry disc clutch; adjustable pedal. Gear box in unit with engine; three speeds and reverse. Top ratio 4·3. Semi-floating rear-axle drive through spiral bevel gear and pinion. Timken roller bearings to both axles. Tubular front axle.

SPRINGS. Parallel to wheels, close to hubs, thus eliminating sidesway. Extra large tyres—30×5·77″. Body-room, 8′ 2¾″

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CALLED TO THE

PLAYERS IN THE MIDDLESEX

MISS BETTY NUTHALL
Knocked out by Mrs. Coleman in the Ladies' Singles

MISS P. FOLINGSBY
Whom Mrs. G. S. Walker defeated in the Ladies' Singles

R. POWELL
Put Lord Cholmondeley out of action in an early match

MISS H. EVELYN-JONES
Lost to Miss Ryan in the Ladies' Singles

In spite of entreaties from competitors for leave of absence on Derby Day, the spartan Secretary hardened his heart. The

COURT AT CHISWICK—

LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

MISS EILEEN BENNETT

Who was beaten by Miss E. M. Head in the Ladies' Singles

MISS E. HEMMANT

Who was successful in her match with Mrs. Logan-Bell

LORD CHOLMONDELEY

In play in his unsuccessful attempt against R. Powell

LADY DENMAN

In her match against Miss D. J. Francis

weather, however, settled matters by preventing play on May 27—thereby doing a little good to the bookmakers at Epsom

Photographs by Sport & General, Central News and L. N. A.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A POPULAR WIN *C. P. U.*

Mr. H. E. Morriss leading in Manna (Donoghue up—needless to say!) after the colt's runaway victory in the Derby by eight lengths

Derby Day

IT takes something pretty rough in the way of weather to deprive the British people of its enjoyment of Derby Day. Remorseless rain did not deter them from giving Donoghue a great ovation when he pulled off yet another triumph in the biggest event of the racing year. Those of us who thought that Manna would not stay were hopelessly wrong. In addition to stamina, this colt possesses a marvellous turn of speed, and the manner in which he sprinted away from his rivals in the neighbourhood of Tattenham Corner was something to remember. His amazing burst at that point gave him such an advantage that none of the others could get near him again.

Fred Darling's Triumph

THE result was a great personal triumph for Fred Darling, who not only purchased Manna on his own judgment on Mr. H. E. Morriss's behalf, but never wavered in his great confidence in the colt. I do not suppose the Beckhampton trainer would have been quite so sanguine of success if Picaroon had been in the field, but at all events he had assured himself that Manna would get the journey, and we know how his opinion was justified. I am glad to learn that Picaroon has now progressed so far that he is able to take steady cantering exercise. There is no chance that he will be fit for Ascot, but Alec Taylor is hopeful of having him in good trim for the St. Leger.

The St. Leger

IT will be a great treat to find him in rivalry to the Derby winner on the Town Moor, and perhaps the Oaks winner will join issue with those colts. It is obvious, therefore, that the St. Leger is something well worth looking forward to. It is difficult to find excuses for some of the beaten colts in the Derby. The course undoubtedly did not suit Cross Bow, who is a very sluggish customer and failed to show any dash when he was called upon for an effort. Conquistador was a tremendous failure, and the same has to be said of the over-rated Ptolemy II. Zionist undoubtedly proved himself second best in the race, though I am not altogether satisfied that he put his whole heart into the work when Carslake placed pressure upon him.

Manchester Cup

MANCHESTER is the big fixture for the second half of the week, though there will also be pleasant meetings at Great Yarmouth and Lingfield. It should be noted that special trains are being run from Liverpool Street for the East Coast gathering on Wednesday and Thursday. The most knotty problem of the week is to find the winner of the Manchester Cup. This valuable handicap includes many of the best stayers of the day.

A Good Lot

AMONG those in the upper half of the weights I like the chances of Salmon Trout, though his stable has another string to its bow in the sensational Cesarewitch winner, Charley's Mount. Mr. Reid Walker has two likely representatives in Reggio and Invercauld, who are trained in different stables. The former is one of the favourites for the race at the time of writing, and is not at all badly treated on his best form. If Conquistador competes he is sure to come in for support in spite of his Epsom failure, while it is understood that another penalised competitor, Winalot, is strongly fancied. I make **Reggio** my Manchester Cup selection, with INVERCAULD second.

Other Selections

THE King Coal Stakes on Wednesday may be won by **Scullion,** while **Perhaps So** has a good chance for the Salford Borough Handicap on Saturday. Selections at Great Yarmouth are **Dunnottar** for the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap, and **The Carpenter** for the Durham Handicap. One of the chief attractions of the Lingfield fixture will be the Cosmopolitan Cup on Friday. This may be won by **Gyges.**

POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Jodhpur Disappoints

ONE could not help being a bit disappointed by the display given by the Indian team in the Whitney Cup. I have rarely seen a strong side crack so badly after looking all over like winning. Which is all a reminder that a polo match is never lost until it is won. It was a little unkind of one critic, by the way, to comment rather adversely on Rao Hanut Singh's work in this match, because that player was not on the field, his place being taken by Thakur Dalpat Singh. Jodhpur did so well up to a point that I think their collapse must, to a large extent, have been a question of ponies. The Maharajah has mounted his team beautifully, but the ponies are probably not yet in tip-top condition. Every day will bring them on, and I fully expect the Indian team to make a good show in the big open tournaments at the London clubs. They were rather handicapped at Roehampton by the soft ground, and will, naturally, be seen to more advantage when the turf becomes more like the conditions to which they have been accustomed. At Ranelagh a week ago they beat the Harlequins in decisive fashion, but these "friendly" games are not very conclusive as a guide to form. You need the excitement and stress of a cup-tie if you wish to see the average team go "all out." It was pleasant to find Lord Wodehouse resuming play in this match at Ranelagh.

British Army

IT is a pity Major Lockett could not turn out for the British Army in the recent game against the Wanderers at Ranelagh. His absence made it a little difficult to get a real idea of the strength of the team. But Captain D. C. Boles made a good substitute for his brother-officer, and the team did well enough to suggest that the American soldiers will need to be an exceptionally good lot to beat them in the coming tests. They won the match by the margin of a single goal, a result that was all the more creditable to them, seeing that the Wanderers had an advantage of three points on the handicap. One was delighted to find the brothers McCreery doing so well in the attack. The Selection Committee has taken a bold step in choosing them in preference to players of higher handicaps and bigger reputations, but their judgment looks like being vindicated. Individually, however, the success of the Ranelagh match was achieved by Captain J. P. Dening, who showed a glimpse of the form which has made him famous in Indian polo.

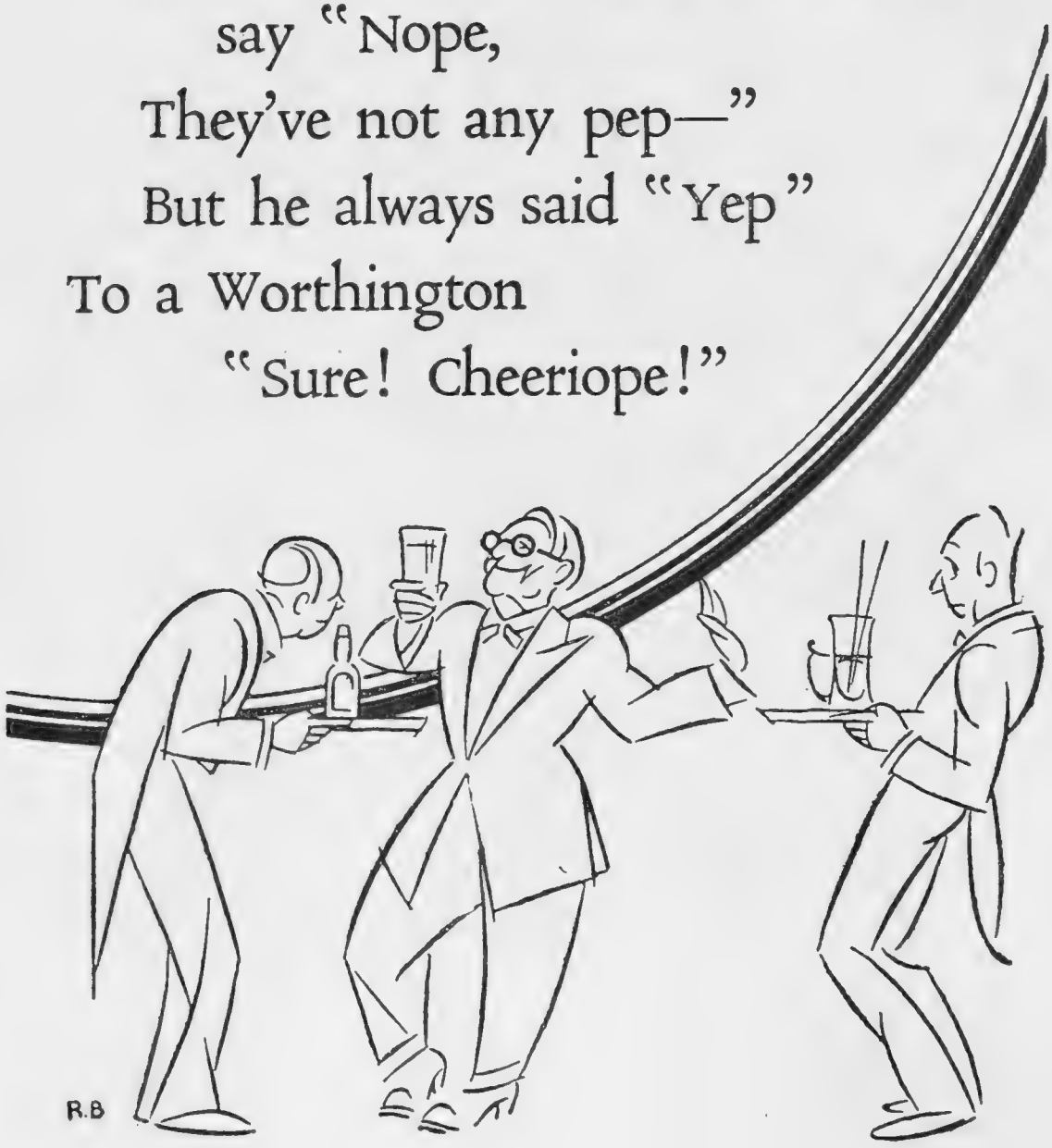
The Big Matches

THE first of the inter-army matches will be played at Hurlingham on Ascot Saturday, the 20th inst. The second match is fixed for the following Wednesday, and if a third match is necessary to decide the rubber it will take place on the 27th. Make a note that the seating accommodation for these highly interesting matches is in the hands of Messrs. Alfred Hays, of Cornhill and Old Bond Street. The British Army's practice game against Eastcott at Roehampton again showed our military team in a favourable light, though Major Lockett was again obliged to stand down.

Worthington Limericks

No. 6. A simple human story, showing that the answer to the question "Have a Worthington?" is always in the affirmative.

A man by name Cyrus Q. Hope
When offered 'soft' drinks would
say "Nope,
They've not any pep—"
But he always said "Yep"
To a Worthington
"Sure! Cheeriope!"



That Thirteenth Month—

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"At the Opera"

LONDON, *June* 1

DEAR COUSIN—

So here comes Flaming June once more—sometimes *rather* sarcastically so called, methinks, seeing as how quite frequently the only flames about it are on our own domestic hearths, but that's by the way. . . . And, anyway, this time it's positively on record that already in mere May the sun's been several times not only seen, but felt. And already we've had, haven't we, quite lots of Hottest Days of the Year, with temps. well up in the seventies, or, according to the really enterprising newspapers, eighty in the shade. Wonderful, is it not, how they can even make the sun shine brighter for us, these brightest and best . . .?

JUNE . . . there's a thrill in the very word, isn't there? Especially as to-day's still a bit of that Whit holiday of ours, thus entitled, I suppose, because we don't care a whit what we do now summer's here. And now, as the poet says, June walks on the waters and—

> Now dawn comes to my window,
> Breathing midsummer roses,
> And scythes are wet with dew. . . .

The month of roses and strawberries—who ever invented aught lovelier or more entrancing than those two?

ROSES, strawberries and the river — because that's yet another of its fascinations. Now once more comes to us in dusty London the magic call of Maidenhead, the luring temptation of Taplow. Golden hours along those glorious Cliveden woods, with the punt swishing softly by under the overhanging trees. Picnics, perhaps, up some of those intriguing backwaters, where light and shade so delightfully interplay, as the sun flickers through the interlacing leaves, and we cool the bottles in the stream. And so back to Murray's, to sup luxuriously and dance and "sit out" (thus reviving an ancient and well-nigh forgotten custom) by the banks of the deep, dark, mysteriously provocative Thames.

NOT a bad month, what, on the whole, this one we're just entering and on the threshold of? And if they're going to make the year into thirteen months instead of twelve, as some people are, quite seriously, mind you, planning to do (had you heard of it?)—well, shouldn't care a bit, myself, if they'd only make them all Junes.

IDEA being, you see, that if you made them all just twenty-eight days each, there'd be exactly thirteen months with just one day over—which you could easily make into a public holiday, of course, or a Flag Day or something. And the extra month (according to the bright inventors) would be inserted just between June and July and be called "Sol." Rather hopefully, perhaps, meseems, but never mind that.

"Venice is full of purse-proud Huns"

JUST think, dear brethren and sistren, of the joy of adding another whole month per year to the frightfully restricted joys of our terribly limited lives! And what a nice new interest in life for all of us, except the very dullest and most conservative who are always ready—as usual—to oppose anything new, whatever it be and whenever or whyever it happens. Am all for the aforesaid Sol myself, especially as it seems to be so terribly troubling the ancient and whiskered pundits, who are worried to death about how it'll mess up all the back dates. But, let me tell you, all the railway companies are in favour, and the League of Nations has taken it up, so that's that.

"Our shingled debs."

WHAT a nice lot of new things we could do in this nice new month, too. Could pack into it, for one thing, if only we got in in time before anyone'd noticed, all the parties we should have liked to have had this summer, only there wasn't any room. Our real friends as the guests, I mean, to begin with. And then, instead of rushing in to somewhat futile shows and

(*Continued on page 762*)

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No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

things, we might just have sat and talked, and talked, and talked. . . .

卐

But meanwhile even in the merely twelve months' system seems a more or less sufficiently lovely life—what? Heaps of first nights at the theatres, not to mention opera, where you've got to arrive, these Wagner days, somewhere just about after tea, and gaily hold out till a very late supper before you can satisfy your mundane appetites. Unless, that is, you count the sandwiches and coffee snatched with fearful difficulty, in the enormous intervals, from (I'm sure) obliging, but somewhat occupied, ladies in the *foyer*, or lounge.

卐

There'll be more Courts soon, won't there, for our shingled debs—but, oh! what a life for the poor girls! Am deeply sorry, I must say, for those who've got to face, as the now classical Serena Blandish (that delightful "Lady of Quality") puts it, "the difficulty of getting married." Those terrible struggles of the more or less innocent *débutante* against the enormous competition of all the others! Girls who'll do anything for a frock or an order on Mme. Chose for a new set of undies. Oh, poor, poor little *ingénues!*

卐

But after all, isn't this June world wonderful? Some marvellous new talking films there are at Wembley, for instance—a quite new process, whereby the speaking (and singing) part is produced same time as the screen affair, and so you get a really big and important rival to the "legitimate" right away. Can't say much more about it just this moment, but don't say I didn't warn you of yet another revolutionary novelty. And an all-British one, too.

"The £1 is quite a useful affair again"

卐

All the world's prosperous, though, I'm told. Venice is full of purse-proud Huns, and even we ourselves are not so utterly poverty-stricken, it's whispered, seeing that the £1 is quite a useful affair again—not more than a paltry 1/8 or 1/16 off par in New York, or words to that effect. And the wonderful new Arts Palace in Chelsea to be opened at the Chenil Gallery this next Friday as ever is, and . . . oh, well, that's enough for this very first instalment of June, anyway, isn't it?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

Just a Few Friends...

EVERY hostess knows that the simple invitation—"Just a few friends"—means not only providing entertainment but also refreshments. Again, every hostess knows how the serving of the simplest refreshments introduces an atmosphere of liveliness and freedom from restraint.

Many of the guests are sure to want either Lemon Squash or Orange Squash, perhaps the best liked of all beverages. By providing a few bottles of 'KIA-ORA,' Lemon Squash and Orange Squash can be served very quickly and mixed exactly to the liking of each guest. If preferred, bowls or jugs of Orangeade or Lemonade can be prepared in anticipation of your guests' needs.

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SCOTCH WHISKY

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

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BY WILMOT LUNT

"TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO"

FEMINA

FASHIONS AND FOLLY

By "CANDIDA"

I'm always amused by the people who write to the papers to ask whether some fashion or other is going to last. As if the papers knew! As if those of us who write for them weren't quite as fallible as those of us who read! The idea is that it's just as well to be forewarned so as to prevent that terrible all-one's-eggs-in-one-basket feeling, and the hopelessness of it all if the basket should fail. Like getting one's hair bingled, for instance, only to find that it wasn't done any more in the circles that matter, or think they do. Or embarking on dozens of pairs of the most expensive silk stockings when (just to spite those short-sighted law-givers) the best people had taken to wearing wool. It's a very important question, and compared with it "to be or not to be" was merely child's play.

And there's this about it: Never will you be any the wiser by writing to the papers, even if someone's got the wit and the time to answer you; nor by asking the people who pose as having authority, because no one's got any over the future; nor by going to plays just to see the super-new clothes which the beautiful Miss X wears, and likewise the ways she's wearing them. For it's pure invention, that comic fable that fashions begin on the stage—on the French stage, anyway. And that in Paris those "dressmakers' rehearsals," as they're always called, are very important functions in the scheme of things. They may be important to the dressmakers themselves; they're not to anyone else.

Who's to decide, for instance, on the plays that count, and those that don't, from the clothes' point of view? The success of the production is nothing to go by. Something ancient and historical may take tremendously for the drama's sake and yet it mightn't give Monsieur Paul Poiret, or the likes of him, a ghost of a chance. Besides, I've always thought it rather impertinent to look upon the beautiful Mlle. X—whose art is almost as famous as her pearls—as a superior sort of clothes peg. No; the stage must not be blamed for the vagaries of the *dernier cri*. It can, and it does, exhibit them to the best advantage when *she* is young enough and pretty enough, but it doesn't invent them. To interpret is not to create.

After all, you'll tell me, what does it matter? Agreed, it doesn't, though it seems a little—detached, shall we say?—not to enquire into the mystery which governs our clothes, our art, our everything. Not that finding out the cause would make any difference to the effect. It never did; it never will. But it's amusing to see how the thing drives us against our will at first, and then cajoles us into thinking that its will is our will. Why, to stand out against it and be thoroughly unfashionable you've got to be either a personage, or a madwoman; at best it's a confession of old age or of weakness, and who wants to own to either, which proves its terrific importance in the scheme of things—that is, if proof was needed.

So when people who don't make efforts, because they can't, are superior at the expense of those who do, or seem to, don't listen to them. Fashion isn't really an effort; it's that "infinitude called youth," as they said in the *Immortal Hour*, expressing itself. But it would be easier to follow if there

"NOKOMIS"

Miss Anita Desmond, who plays the part of Nokomis in "Hiawatha," at the Albert Hall. This splendid operatic pageant is repeating the success it had last year. It is on at the Albert Hall until June 20, and the net profits of all performances are again to be divided between the Royal Albert Hall Corporation, the Royal Choral Society and the National Institute for the Blind

Paul Tanqueray

MISS NADINE MARCH

Who has succeeded Miss Edna Best in the part of Fay Collen (anything but "fey") in "Spring Cleaning" at St. Martin's Theatre

Vaughan and Freeman

A BRITISH BALLERINA

Miss Ninette de Valois, who is appearing in the Diaghileff Season at the Coliseum. Last week's programme included the first performance in England of "Les Facheux."

were really some infinitude about youth, or if it were possible to stop being fashionable once you had ceased to be young. In vain do the middle-aged implore the authorities to make life a little more comfortable for them. In vain do some misguided scribblers prophesy that there's a fortune to be made by the dressmaking people who'll take an interest in figures that aren't what they used to be. Fashion goes on expressing youth, or what looks like it.

It's a fight between youth and age where youth must win, a sort of survival-of-the-fittest business, with no doubt at all as to the fittest. Because youth takes care (subconsciously, of course) to make things as difficult as possible for those who claim to be what they are not. Therefore, fashion is mostly a matter of shape, to put it baldly. It's your figure, even more than what you hang on it, that gives away the show. You've got, somehow, no matter how, to produce the much-admired, the quite inevitable, outline of the moment. In less sophisticated days one stuck it on. Fashion was kinder, youth counted for less, and crinolines, panniers, and bustles and things did the trick, which was crude if it was comfortable. But sometimes I think that the price one has to pay for art is almost too high. The self-denial one's heard of! The meals that are a succession of omitted courses, the strenuous exercise, the dancing which isn't danced for dancing's sake, and all because youth insists. . . .

By H. L. Oakley

SUMMER IN SILHOUETTE

All well-brought up little girls and boys know that "it is rude to point." In this case, however, there are extenuating circumstances, as our two friends here, the river boy and river girl, are gracefully pointing to the fact that our Summer Number is due to appear next week, June 10!

Your dressmaker's showroom is really a battlefield, and not even a polite one. Younger and younger every day grow the frocks, slimmer and simpler the line, shorter the skirts. It's a challenge, of course. To wear all this becomingly you mustn't look a day over twenty, and be perfect at that. But everybody does it, those who are really twenty, and those who'll never see forty again. They do it, poor dears, out of self-defence. They've got to. On the day when their figures will refuse to take on the new line they're done for, and they know it. So they postpone the day and the struggle goes on. Yes, I admit that nothing could look less like a struggle. There's not a hint of it about those slim, youngish ladies and those slips of girls one meets everywhere. But that's life all over, and what a mercy that it seems to be what it isn't!

Candida

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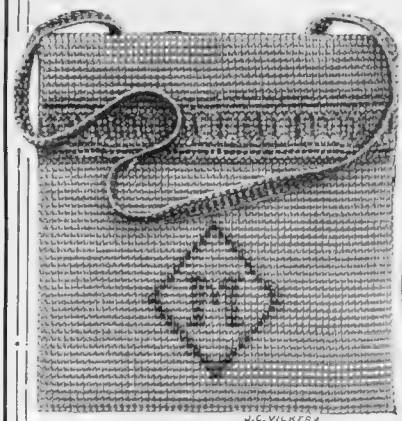

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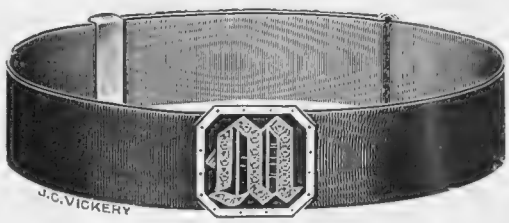

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Wristlet to match, **£1 17 6.**

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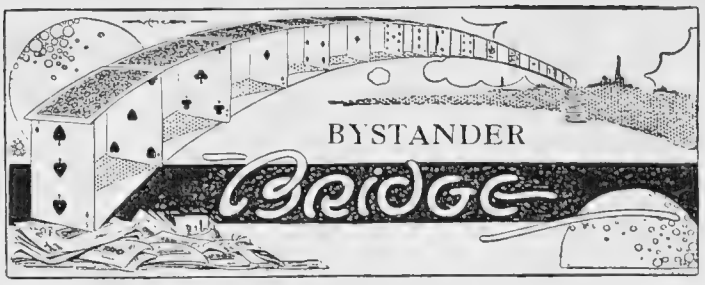

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

HIGH PLAY

With reference to my remarks about high play at Bridge in The Bystander, May 20, I have received several interesting letters. I am quite aware that high play does take place occasionally both at Clubs and privately. I watched a rubber where the stakes were £50 per 100 with £100 side bet. This took place at a Club where the points were limited to £2 per 100. As the players were all very rich men, except that it was a breach of Club regulations, it did not matter to any one.

But these things are the exception rather than the rule. I know, too, that there are reputed to be in London a few men—very few—who are said to make a steady income out of Auction Bridge — from £2000 to £3000 a year. I doubt if there are half a dozen who do it. In the days of old Bridge it was easier to make money at the game. But Auction Bridge is a far more uncertain game. The finest player has no protection against the vagaries of his partner. Further the standard of play has improved all round, and I should not advise anyone, however good, to take up Auction Bridge as a profession.

. . . . . .

In the first place I regard it as a great pity that anyone should take up Bridge professionally. It is an excellent game —the best card game ever invented, I consider, combining as it does chance and skill, but it should be played as a game and as a recreation, not as a means of livelihood.

Another point is that if you are hard up and seek to recruit your fortunes at Bridge you are almost sure to lose. It is not mere superstition, but an invariable experience of regular players that, if you come to the card table with empty pockets you will not win. Fortune favours the brave, it is said, but she seldom favours the "broke."

. . . . . .

From time to time one hears sensational stories of young girls being inveigled into gambling by hostesses at country-houses, of young wives being ruined and homes being broken up through Bridge. These may be dismissed as inventions. They do not really happen. People do play for more than they can afford to lose comfortably, and sometimes they put themselves in awkward positions accordingly. But the ordinary woman player at Bridge, who plays regularly at Clubs and elsewhere, is well able to take care of herself. If she plunges she does it with her eyes open. There is a professional element amongst women players just as there is amongst men. There are women who play not for recreation or for love of the game, but for the purpose of making money out of it. Several women players in London are reputed to make considerable incomes at it. There are others who regard it as a means of increasing their dress or housekeeping allowance.

. . . .

But if we want to see how far we have progressed on the path of sweetness and light we have only to compare London Clubs of to-day with what they were fifty or sixty years ago. Nearly all the famous old Clubs of Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, now highly decorous and respectable institutions, were originally gaming houses. Brookes', Boodle's, and White's, established about the same time, were particularly "hot stuff."

It was at Brookes' Club that Charles Fox, great statesman and inveterate gambler, lost several fortunes. He is said to have been the finest player of whist and piquet of his day. He played cards with one Fitzpatrick from ten o'clock at night till six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them whose deal it was, both being too sleepy to know.

At White's the games of hazard and faro were the chief attractions. There was nothing they would not bet about at White's. Births, deaths, marriages, political appointments—anything was made the subject of a bet. A man dropped down at the door of White's. He was carried into the house. Was he dead or not? The odds were immediately given and taken for and against.

. . . . . .

The Cocoa Tree was another Club where play ran high. In 1780 Mr. O'Birne, an Irishman, won £100,000 from a young Mr. Harvey, who had just come into an estate through his elder brother's death.

"You can never pay me," said O'Birne.

"I can," replied the youth. "My estate will sell for the debt."

"No," said O'Birne; "I will win £10,000. You shall throw me for the odd £90,000."

They threw and Harvey won.

"Crockford's, now the Devonshire Club, was started by its founder, William Crockford, son of a London fishmonger, for the purpose of gaming. It was a splendid affair. The decorations of the club cost £14,000, the wines in the cellar were valued at £70,000, and the chef, an artist called Ude, was paid £1200 per annum. The annual subscription was £25.

. . . . . .

In addition to the game of hazard, which formed the chief attraction of the club, cards were also played by members. It is on record that Lord Rivers lost on one occasion £3400 at whist through forgetting that the seven of Hearts was still in.

Theodore Hook was a frequent visitor at Crockford's, where play did not begin until late. "I was very ill," he once said, "some months ago, and my doctor gave me particular orders not to expose myself to the night air. So I came up every day to Crockford's and made it a rule on no account to go home until about four or five o'clock in the morning."

No wonder women objected to clubs!

And it is related of a member of White's that he used to sit until three or four in the morning looking on at piquet but never playing. A dispute arose between the players and they referred to him. But he protested that he knew nothing of the game.

"Zounds," said they, "and you sit here until this time!"

"Gentlemen," he replied, "*I am married.*"

. . . .

A reader sends me particulars of a sitting where he made five grand slams in succession in successive rubbers, first in Clubs with five honours, second in No-Trumps with 100 Aces, third in No-Trumps with 40 Aces, fourth in Diamonds with five honours, and fifth in Spades with four honours in one hand.

He asks "Is this a record?" I should say so. I can't bear to think of it!

WHAT IS IT?

If you are curious about it look for full details in our Special Summer No. next week.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT FOR YOU!

"BP" Persian Series, No. 7

[*From an original drawing by* CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

When Petroleum was used as Cement

In our admiration of mediæval and more modern architecture we are apt to forget that in Persia, hundreds of years ago, there existed Royal Palaces, the magnificence and splendour of which have never been surpassed.

Such a building in course of construction is here depicted. It dates back 2,600 years. The massive stone pillars, the carved figures towering overhead and the spaciousness of the lofty interior epitomise the grandeur of this ancient kingdom.

In the building of these palaces, the brickwork was cemented with pitch taken from the same oil seepages which centuries later led the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to drill its first well, and lay the foundations of the great national enterprise which, to-day, ensures for British motorists ample supplies of the best motor spirit.

Thus a new prosperity has come to Persia. In what were once bare deserted valleys now stand the derricks and pumping stations of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company Where burdened slaves once trod the desert runs the pipe line through which the crude oil is carried from the mountains to the coast. Thence it is shipped to Llandarcy, in South Wales, to be refined into " BP," the British Petrol.

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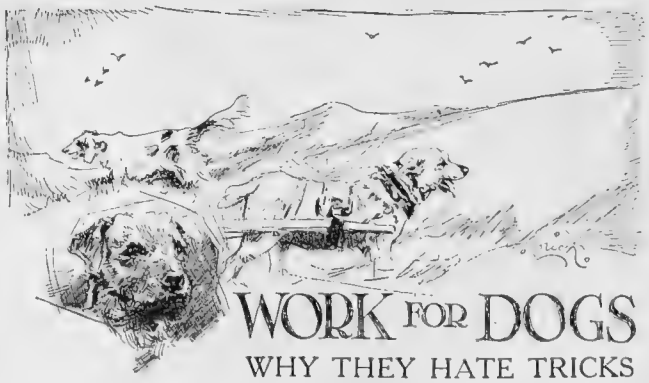

WORK FOR DOGS

WHY THEY HATE TRICKS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE most tolerant people have their pet prejudices, and become fretful as porcupines if you chance to rub these the wrong way. Thus one writes from Cadenabbia regarding a recent passage in these notes:

"From the enemy in all his different guises we naturally expect blows and attacks. But it is disconcerting when such blows come from those we have regarded as proven friends and champions. It is grievous to learn that the Kennelman not only declines to assist in the formation of a society to prevent the exploitation of Dogs in work, but that he actually appears to advocate such treachery to our canine friends, for whom he would apparently like to see continental methods introduced into England. Such a thing would be a disgrace to us, and a disaster for our Dogs. As for the Kennelman's condemnation of such demonstrations of the intelligence of our Dogs as is shown in their readiness to learn different amusing little tricks, this only makes his mistaken attitude towards permitting them to be *worked* the more incomprehensible."

And yet, dear reader in Cadenabbia, the condemnation and the advocacy are perfectly compatible. Your somewhat severe indictment goes on to show that your own Dogs have always in the past been taught "such simple tricks" as balancing bits of sugar or cake on their noses until permitted to gobble them, etc., etc.; and have thereby won much admiration, etc. Well, the Kennelman ventures to affirm that in learning such tricks your Dogs suffer exasperation, and that in the performance of them they suffer humiliation. They are always aware that such performances are irrational. Now the Dog is one of the most rational of created beings; he hates above all things to make himself ridiculous, and in most cases would sooner be beaten than laughed at. He is conscious that rational human beings do not hold bits of sugar on the ends of their noses, or balance themselves painfully on their haunches to "beg" from tea-tables. He is also aware—though the Cadenabbia correspondent may have forgotten it—that all kinds of human beings, from growing children on cycles, to elderly folk who are totally unfitted for the exertion it involves, are employed throughout this happy land in pulling and propelling heavy loads of milk and bread, of "soft goods," and a thousand and one other commodities, about our highways and by-ways. He knows that, whether desirable or not, such labours have their perfectly rational objectives; that they represent work, not senseless tricks. And from his point of view, work—that is, intelligent and purposeful exertion—is a jolly and desirable thing, indistinguishable from sport and play, the most delightful of all experiences to be shared with humans.

Where, under carefully thought-out regulations, Dogs of suitable varieties are employed in partnership with men, it seems to follow that their general status is thereby raised. Their market value is defined and increased; the care given to their every-day welfare, even in life's humblest walks, is markedly more scrupulous and effective than in many lands where they are not so employed, and in any land in which, shut out from human co-operation, they enjoy the outlawed freedom of pariahs.

Finally, if half the time, patience and energy devoted to teaching pointless "tricks" to Dogs were given to their real education, behaviour in public, etc., the results would be highly beneficial to Dogdom and to the community at large.

There's a particularly delightful toffee in the Goodwood Assortment. It is flavoured with actual raspberry juice, and the chocolate couverture suits it exactly.
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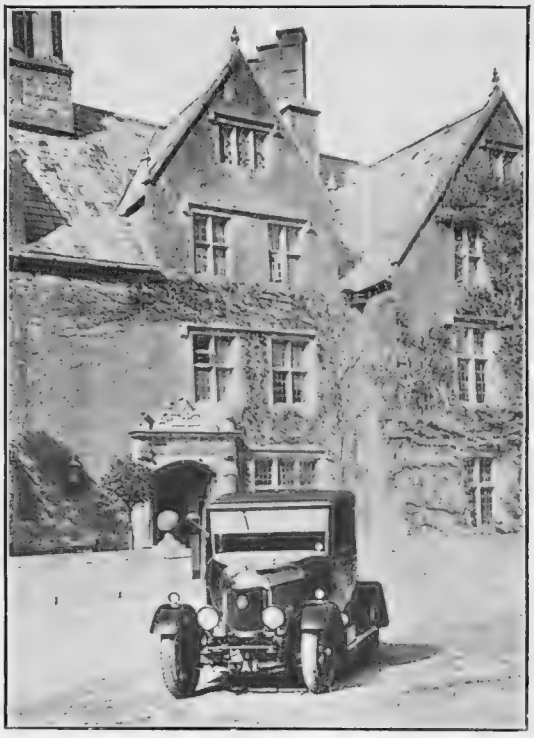
THE GAZEWAY

MOTOR NOTES

I SPEND half my time careering about the highways on cars of different makes, and my experiences are sometimes memorable and sometimes the reverse. One of the most enjoyable days I have spent recently was in company with another scribe who endeavours to earn a few honest pennies by writing about motor-cars. Quite apart from the congenial company, the day was notable in that the car was a beautiful Bentley saloon. Now, many people think that the Bentley is a tearabout sort of car which brings joy to the heart of the speed merchant, but is rather out of place for more gentlemanly motoring. This idea is absolutely erroneous. With a big saloon body, with acres of glass, the Bentley behaved in the docile manner of the perfect thorough-bred. If speed is wanted the speed is there, but the power of the engine never insists on recognition. The springing is good, the steering is excellent, and the four-wheel brakes give a wonderful sense of security. If gear changing is a hobby of the driver he can enjoy it to the full on a Bentley, but if he is one of the more restrained types of drivers—like myself—he can climb into top gear and stay there practically as long as he likes. If I wanted a car for all-weather motoring which did not startle or oppress me, and on which I could amble about in perfect comfort, I should certainly choose a Bentley saloon. And if I wanted to go to Edinburgh in the dickens of a hurry I should choose exactly the same car.



A 1

The registration numbers of motor cars have increased to such an extent that it is particularly interesting to find "A 1" belonging to a 1925 model. The car, a Morris-Oxford Coupé, belongs to Mr. G. Pettyt, of Maude's Motor Mart, who only obtained his distinctive number after considerable trouble

* * *

A STANDARD Riley car has recently covered, under official R.A.C. observation, a mileage of 138.31 on two gallons of petrol. This, my readers, as you will notice, represents an average consumption of over 69 miles to the gallon. If this was not officially vouched for by the Club, we most probably would not believe it, but there is a reason. The fuel used has been recently placed on the market under the trade name of "Power Petrol." It is made by the Medway Oil and Storage Company, Ltd., and its peculiar features are that it is rich in what are known as "aromatics," and the whole of the spirit evaporates at a comparatively low temperature. This spirit has also been used by Dr. D. Benjafield, well-known for his exploits on Bentley and Salmson cars, and he has expressed his very high appreciation of it. Personally I am looking forward to a test of this spirit, as I hate buying petrol, and the further I can go on a gallon the happier I shall be.

* * *

THOSE who progress on two wheels, whether it is a pedal cycle or a motor-cycle, fully realise the importance of a

(*Continued on page 774*).

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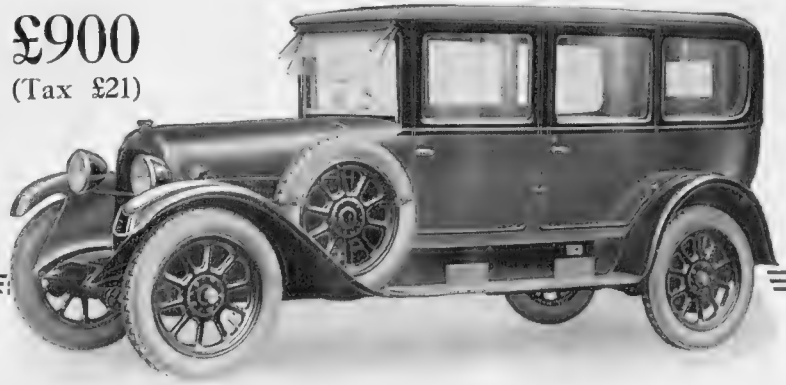

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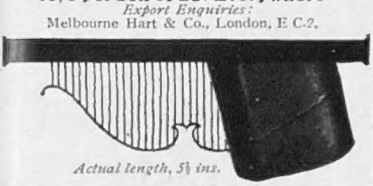

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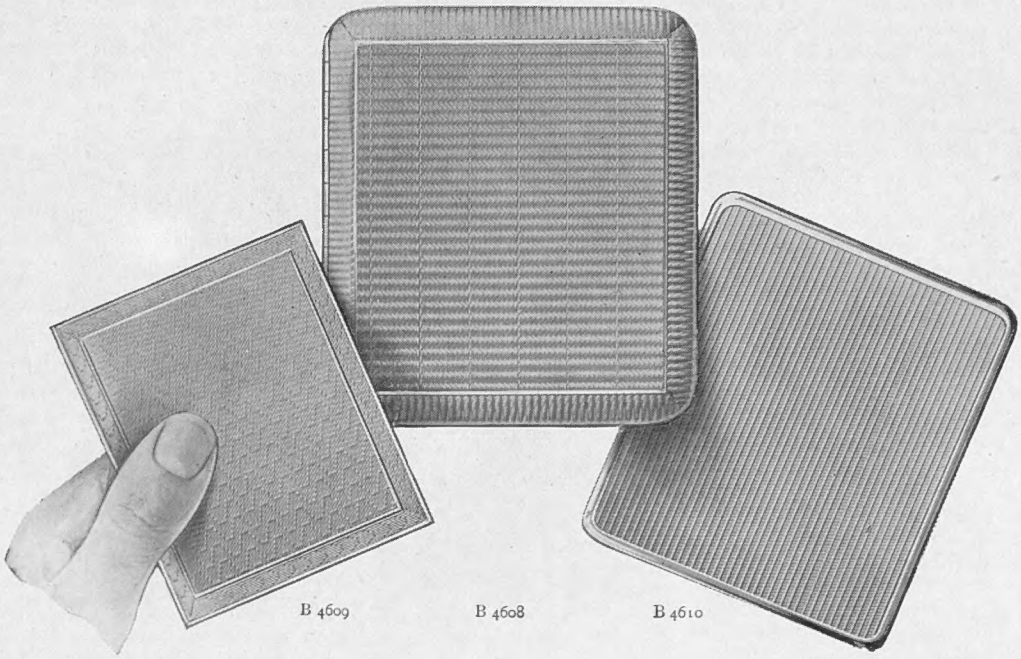

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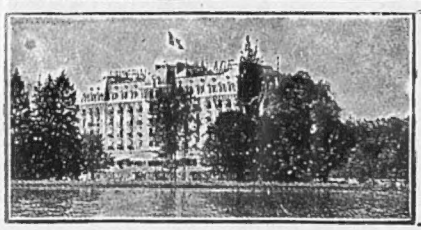

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good saddle. The comfort or otherwise provided by this comparatively small part of the machine determines whether cycling shall be carried out in comfort or otherwise. Among the makers of saddles there is no name better known than that of Brooks. Their latest productions are very fully described in a tasteful catalogue which the makers have recently issued. Quite frankly, I was not aware that so many different types of saddle were manufactured until I glanced through it. I should advise all keen wheelmen to apply to J. B. Brooks and Co., Ltd., for a copy of this latest catalogue.

* *
*

For some time past I have had in use an interesting little device known as the Triatire. Its purpose is to test the inflation of the tyres with the minimum of trouble. It consist of an aluminium gauge reading from nought to ten. At one side a small plunger projects. This plunger is pressed into the side of the outer cover of the tyre and gives a reading on the dial. This reading indicates the approximate pressure inside the tyre and affords a simple method of determining whether each cover is inflated to the same pressure. It takes about thirty seconds to go round all four tyres of the car, and the driver then knows whether one cover is inflated more than the others, or whether any serious loss of pressure has occurred. The price of this simple device is only 10*s.* 6*d.*, while its weight is but 3½ ounces.

A PICNIC PARTY IN WORCESTERSHIRE

A delightful snapshot taken on the heights of Broadway, that pretty Worcestershire village so well-known to motorists. The car pictured is a 12-50 Alvis Sports Model

The further I motor the more surprised I am to find the number of drivers who cover enormous distances and who confess quite blandly that they are unable to read a map. They make their journeys by following sign-posts or by asking the way. Now, map reading is really a simple matter if tackled properly, and the intelligent use of a map will often result in much time being saved. Whether they can read a map or not, I would advise all motorists to obtain a copy of the Automobile Association's *Road Book of England and Wales*, which has just been published. To my mind its most valuable feature is the map of England and Wales, which has been specially engraved so as to make it as legible as possible. So straightforward is this map, that it should be extremely useful to those who wish to improve their map reading propensities. In addition to the map, there are given 800 itineraries which cover approximately 31,000 miles of road, as well as 60 routes showing the principal exits from London and cross-country links.

* *
*

Adding still further to the value of the book is a very complete gazetteer describing all the important and historical towns which appear on the routes. In addition there are 75 town plans. With the help of this book the motorist should be able to travel with certainty in England and Wales. The book is published on behalf of the Automobile Association by Cassell and Co., Ltd., price 15*s.* net.

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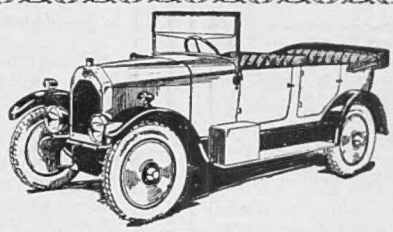

THE SWIFT 10 4-Str. IS "GOOD STUFF"

—nothing on the market to beat it

ANOTHER extract from a letter received from a Swift owner:

"I am pleased to tell you that the car is giving complete satisfaction, and is certainly all you claim it to be. The engine appears to be running better than ever after doing 3,000 miles, which has been free of any trouble whatever. There is no doubt that the Swift 10 Four-seater is 'good stuff' and there is nothing on the market to beat it at the price. I shall always recommend the Swift to my friends, in fact, it is so good it recommends itself." E. A., *Swindon.*

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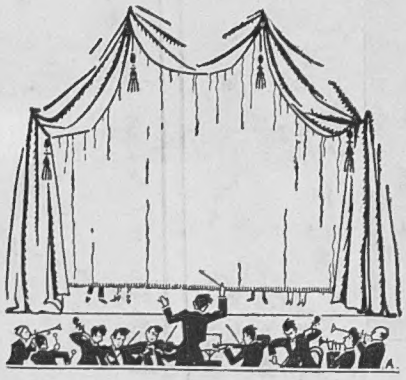

THE CRESCENDO of the orchestra heralds the rise of the curtain upon the actual traffic of the stage. All are on the tip-toe of expectation, for "the play's the thing." So this announcement is but the prelude to our story of why the *Selberite Arch Preserver Shoe* is pre-eminent in securing the continued health and comfort of the foot.

We are not faced with any of the suspense and uncertainty of a first night, for our production is already an established success. The benefits of the Arch Preserver principle are acknowledged to be as real and practical as they are unique. In the retail trade one of the leading authorities upon the construction of shoes and the fitting of feet, Charles H. Baber, now of Regent Street, London, has led the way. The most progressive shoe shops throughout the country have begun to recommend and fit *Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes*, to the abiding satisfaction of their patrons. One delighted wearer, introduced for the first time to real foot comfort, means many others.

But now we take possession of a larger theatre; for, whilst foot troubles grow steadily worse if neglected and never fail to react upon the general health, there are still far too many people who are accustomed to regard tired and aching feet as almost inevitable.

In our succeeding arguments we shall explain how efficient the foot is intended to be; where, and with what disastrous results, the ordinary shoe runs counter to the requirements of Nature; and why the design, construction and fitting of the *Selberite Arch Preserver Shoe* ensures and preserves to the wearer health, comfort and vigour; and is yet able to comply with all the demands of fashion.

There is *a Booklet* in preparation explaining the construction of the *Selberite Arch Preserver Shoe*. An advance copy will be forwarded at once to those who are interested in the health of their feet.

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ARCH PRESERVER
SHOES

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

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This method combats the film on teeth—their greatest enemy. No ordinary method does that effectively.

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These methods have been proved by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. To-day careful people the world over employ it, largely by dental advice.

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